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AIDED NOT A LITTLE by a temperature of 107 in the shade, the naval treaty was finally ratified on July 21 by the overwhelming vote of 58 to 9 with only one reservation, that offered by Senator Norris, assuming that there are no "secret understandings" on the part of the Executive. Fortunately the resolution of Walsh of Massachusetts that the navy be built up to the full British strength by December 31, 1935, was defeated by 54 to 11—a most hopeful augury of future success in holding off any building up to parity. The faithful nine who voted against the pact were such great intellectual lights as Bingham, Hale, Oddie, Moses, Pine, Johnson, and Robinson of Indiana, Republicans, and McKellar and Walsh of Massachusetts, Democrats. Johnson, whose mock heroics led him to announce his readiness to "die for his cause—the United States of America" and to declare that "it was a great British victory" went down to defeat the champion of American liberty and independence to the end. As for the treaty, it at least establishes the precedent that three leading naval nations got together and agreed to the limitation of all classes of ships, and it will, we hope, put an end to twisting of the British lion's tail and assertions that a war with Great Britain is inevitable. As a piece of statesmanship it remains a sad miscarriage. Whatever good may come of it, it will always be a monument to the inability of the men in charge of five great governments to carry out the wishes of their peoples that the navies of the earth be not only limited but radically reduced. Least of all does it reflect credit upon President Hoover and the British Prime Minister, who together raised such high hopes on the Rapidan last year.

THE STABILIZATION FOOLISHNESS seems on the point of being relegated to the limbo of other crank devices for insuring prosperity by government aid. The Federal Farm Board, it is reported, will not buy any more wheat this year, and very likely will go out of the grain-buying business altogether. The $75,000,000 worth of wheat that it has on hand it will continue to hold in hope of being able to get out even on the transaction—that is, until the price of wheat goes up from 90 cents or less to around $1.20, which is about what the board paid on the average for its accumulation. Thus is dissipated the fantastic dream of the farmer politicians who saw the federal Treasury bolstering agriculture. Mr. Legge and Secretary Hyde will now devote themselves to inducing the wheat-growers to cut down their acreage, with a reduction of the annual yield from about 800,000,000 bushels to 600,000,000 as the ultimate goal. Senator Capper, of course, is vastly chagrined, and insists, quite rightly, that a cut in acreage will not help the present situation. As far as we can see, the present situation is beyond remedy save as time and the slow working of supply and demand may be expected to resolve it. The belated action of the Farm Board removes a most dangerous irritant, and to that extent is to be commended, but the sixty-odd million bushels of wheat which the board holds will long be a menace to prices.

WE RECORD WITH REGRET the appointment of Nicholas Roosevelt as Vice-Governor of the Philippines. He represents the school of thought which is opposed to our living up to our promise to bestow independence upon the Filipinos, and on hearing the news of Mr. Roosevelt's appointment the Philippine Senate at once adopted unanimously a resolution protesting against the nomination and citing chapter and verse from his book, "The Philippines: A Treasure and a Problem," to prove that he is highly prejudiced against Filipinos and Orientals generally. We do not wonder at the vote. Mr. Roosevelt's book was reviewed in *The Nation* April 6, 1927. We quote from the review:

> Mr. Roosevelt states that "no American ever better understood the difficult task of dealing with a sensitive alien race" than Leonard Wood; that "the idea of fair play is as alien to the Filipino as to all other Orientals"; that "the Oriental's idea of government is one in which the dominating group exercises power ruthlessly"; that therefore we should behave like Oriental rulers and keep the Philippines, partly because "we have a responsibility toward the hundreds of thousands of Christian converts made in China by American missionaries."

Poor Herbert Hoover! Of course he had never heard of, much less read, Mr. Roosevelt's book. But even he will,

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we hope, not insist on forcing on the Filipinos an official who has been guilty of the above.

CONSTITUTIONAL DICTATORSHIP in Germany has been foreshadowed ever since the middle of June, when Professor Paul Moldenhauer resigned as Finance Minister after his proposals for reforming the finances and balancing the budget were overwhelmingly rejected by a hostile Reichstag. Dr. Hermann Dietrich, who succeeded Moldenhauer, has had equally bad luck in trying to persuade the Reichstag to accept the needed economies and additional taxes. The dissolution of the Reichstag on July 18 was decreed by President von Hindenburg under the authority of Article 48 of the Constitution, which provides for a temporary suspension of certain articles "in the event that public security and order . . . should be considerably disturbed or endangered." There is some question whether Article 48 was intended to cover such a case as the present one, but the bickering and pettifogging Reichstag is out, Chancellor Bruening will put the financial program into effect, and there will be a new election by the middle of September. Count Westarp, one of the stormy petrels of German politics, is reported as already scheming to form a new party, and it is quite possible that the election will result in important changes in party representation. Whatever the party outcome, the government program will have to be accepted or a deficit of some $115,000,000 for this year and half that sum for the next will remain to plague the Treasury. It is no credit to German democracy that a dictatorship has had to be resorted to in order to bring the country to its senses.

PROGRESS BY RIOT seems to be the Egyptian conception of how best to solve a constitutional problem. Ever since the resignation of the Nahas Pasha Cabinet, on June 17, Egypt has been distracted by a violent party struggle involving King Fuad and, indirectly, the relations between Egypt and Great Britain. The immediate occasion of the resignation was the refusal of King Fuad to sanction certain measures, strongly supported by the Wafdist, or Nationalist, Party, intended to insure the maintenance of constitutional government and, in particular, to prevent the suspension of Parliament. Nahas Pasha's successor, Ismail Sidky Pasha, obtained from the King on June 22 a decree adjourning Parliament for one month. The riots at Alexandria on July 15 were the violent fruit of the agitation of the Wafdists against what they regard as a denial of constitutional rights, but the fact that the Wafdists are also in control of the legislature gives the outbreak a clear partisan slant. The statement of Prime Minister MacDonald in the House of Commons on July 16, while it announced the intention of the British government "to adhere to its attitude of neutrality and non-intervention in what appeared to it to be a purely internal issue," gave notice that the Egyptian government would be held responsible for the protection of foreign lives and property. The prompt dispatch of two British battleships to Alexandria enforced the warning.

A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT, with the possibility of something a bit more serious later, seems to be a proper characterization of the events which have been convulsing Malta and have led the MacDonald Government to take the extraordinary step of suspending the Maltese constitution and postponing the election that was due. The trouble goes back to the early part of last year, when the Maltese ministry intervened to prevent the recall from the island, at the direction of the Vatican, of a Franciscan priest on the ground that the priest was a British subject and hence could not be removed by ecclesiastical authority. A violent controversy between church and state, industriously fanned, it would seem, by high church dignitaries in the island and effectively aided by the indiscretions of Lord Strickland, the Prime Minister, has gone on more or less actively since. Beyond saying that there appears to have been fault in plenty on both sides, the merits of a controversy in which charges and counter-charges of plot, intrigue, political agitation, secular invasion of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the like have been liberally exchanged are still obscure. Lord Strickland's hurried visit to London does not appear to have aided a settlement, and the loss of constitutional privileges seems to have been accepted by church officials as a better alternative than the withdrawal of their charges.

ON NOVEMBER 1, 1929, a group of American Communists organized a bimonthly paper called the *Revolutionary Age*. Postmaster John J. Kiely of New York has refused second-class mailing privileges to this paper on the ground that the first six issues were held by the Solicitor of the Post Office Department to be unmailable. Benjamin Gitlow, president of the Revolutionary Age Association, has begun suit in United States District Court to enjoin Postmaster Kiely from excluding from the mails the issue of July 16, and the complaint has been filed by Arthur Garfield Hays, of the American Civil Liberties Union, who is Gitlow's attorney. Meanwhile, in England, the Labor Government has struck its first blow against the London *Daily Worker,* official organ of the Communist Third Internationale, by sending to jail three men connected with the enterprise on a charge of contempt of court, and fining another more than $1,000. And just to keep the pot boiling in America, the Fish Committee, spending $25,000 in an investigation of red activities as ridiculous as it is dangerous, has now gone into the wilderness to stalk the young Communists in camp, where Charles G. Wood, of the United States Department of Labor, has hinted at terrible goings on: children who sing the Internationale, salute the red flag, and even (let us whisper it lest Grover Whalen hear us) say at table, "God damn it, pass the bread."

THE LAST WORD against giving hitch-hikers a lift has now been said. One Harry Gold, driving in his car in the vicinity of New Brunswick, New Jersey, was asked for a ride by one Max Schwartz, private in the United States Army. Mr. Gold invited Private Schwartz to get in and ride a while; Private Schwartz said he was temporarily out of funds; Mr. Gold obliged him with a small loan. Certain conversation ensued. Private Schwartz then left the car, got the ear of a State trooper to whom he denounced Mr. Gold as a red communist anarchist who was desirous of overthrowing the United States government by force and violence and interfering with enlistment in the army, and the State trooper pursued Mr. Gold and arrested him. Freely admitting himself a Communist, he was kept in jail

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for five days, charged with the crime of anarchy. On July 17 he was unconditionally released with a handsome apology by Federal Judge William N. Runyon. Judge Runyon said in his opinion:

> I want to say to you very frankly that, as I regard that which happened, you did two kind acts; you gave a man a lift who wanted it . . . and you gave him a little money because he wanted it. That may be communism, but if it is I think it is a very admirable brand of communism, to share your own belongings with somebody else. I can only say, sir, that I hope you can look with kindness upon government in general. . . . I don't take it that this government is designed to throttle a man's ideas, to close his mouth; I believe that free speech is just as much today an incident and a principle of this government as it ever was. . . . The exchange of your ideas, the announcement of your ideas in the course of conversation, it would seem to me are a part of your rights. . . .

These words must have been very welcome to the ears of Mr. Gold, as they are welcome to ours. For the over-industrious Private Schwartz there is little to be said. One hopes that he will not ask for a hitch very soon again. He ought to keep out of the company of dangerous persons; he ought certainly not to be obliged to take their money or ride on the public highway in their nasty anarchist automobiles.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S championship of unemployment insurance before the National Conference of Governors at Salt Lake City emphasizes the timeliness of the campaign launched by the Conference for Progressive Labor Action for this form of out-of-work relief. A committee of liberal economists, actuarial experts, and publicists is now at work on a model unemployment-insurance bill, which the C. P. L. A. plans to have introduced in the various State legislatures. When the model bill is completed, the effort of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action will be to interest other labor and social organizations in the measure, with the thought that they will take the leadership in sponsoring this form of social insurance in their various States. Encouraging progress is already reported, although the campaign is hardly more than a month old. A number of labor organizations, notably the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, have recorded themselves as in favor of unemployment insurance. The Ohio Consumers League and other allied groups have created a committee to study the best method of unemployment insurance in that State. A special organization to campaign for the idea has been formed in the State of Michigan. The demand for unemployment insurance was bound to follow the growing agitation for old-age pensions. It will be strengthened by the period of depression in which the country now finds itself.

WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation? Eugene G. Grace, the present incumbent, has just testified in a legal proceeding that he received in 1929 only the pitiful sum of $1,623,753 as a bonus in recognition of his services. This represented 3.319 per cent of the net profits of the company after deducting fixed charges, less an amount equal to the annual preferred dividend, but before depreciation. Really, we wonder how any such concern can hope to secure and hold the services of worth-while men if it puts their compensation on such a niggardly basis. Mr. Grace testified that when earnings were low he had to put up with a bonus of one-half of one per cent. So this ill-treated man has been able to put into his bank account since 1925 only about $8,000,000 in addition to his salary. His salary? Yes, we forgot to mention that his regular salary is $12,000 a year. Obviously this is not a salary but an after-dinner tip. We feel certain that now these sad facts are out the stockholders of Bethlehem Steel will rise up as one man and demand that the emolument of their presiding genius be increased to at least 6 per cent per annum. The head of the greatest ironworks in Russia gets $112.50 a month plus an official residence of three rooms. What other contrast could show as clearly how superior we are to the Bolsheviks?

A GREAT POLITICAL BATTLE is on in Wisconsin, where Philip La Follette is definitely in the field for the governorship. A dynasty is at stake. The La Follette machine has its back to the wall and so has brought out its biggest trump. If Governor Kohler is reelected the La Follette faction will have received almost a mortal blow. The Governor has, moreover, been helped and his opponents hurt by his unsuccessful prosecution for alleged violations of the corrupt-practices act during the campaign leading to his election. That was a bold stroke, but boldness counts in such a matter only if the stroke is successful. Now Mr. La Follette, who has charm, character, and unquestioned ability, must convince the voters, many of whom think well of the present Governor, that he is sincere, and that he has a sufficiently differentiated program to call for his preferment. Philip La Follette belongs in public life like his brother and his father, and Wisconsin needs an aggressive, modern leadership. The State is very heavily taxed; it is suffering a good deal from the present depression both in industry and agriculture. These evils cannot be cured by the program and the philosophy of the elder La Follette. It remains to be seen just how far the son is abreast of the times.

LEOPOLD AUER, like all great teachers, had a great personality. As such he gave to his pupils far more than a technical violin training and a most understanding appreciation of the musical art. It was sometimes suggested that the brilliance and the success of the long roll of virtuosos who called him master was due in large part to his ability to pick the most promising of the dozens of aspirants who knocked at his door. This is as may be, but we believe that Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, Jascha Heifetz, Toscha Seidel, Cecilia Hanson, Miron Poliakine, and Max Rosen, to mention the most outstanding of his pupils, would be the first to attribute their success to what they are on record as calling his genius. That was manifest not only in his teaching; he was besides one of the outstanding soloists of his day, showing in all his work the effects of the five years of teaching he had received at the hands of the severely classical Joseph Joachim. Besides being a notable violinist and unsurpassed teacher of the violin, Auer was an artist to whom every field of musical activity was as an open book. Everywhere he touched it his taste was as fine as his violin style was highly polished. His death at eighty-five leaves no one exactly to take his place. But genius still finds its way and it will do so even without the master-touch of Auer.

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Europe Meets Briand Halfway

THE unfavorable reply of the MacDonald Government to the Briand proposal that the European nations come together to discuss the formation of the United States of Europe is the one really discouraging note among the twenty replies thus far received from the twenty-six nations involved. Every one of them has dissented at one or more points, some of them radically, like Italy in the matter of the Briand proposal to put security to the forefront, while Germany and Hungary are clear that no new organization should be built upon the existing wrongs of the Versailles treaty. But they have all agreed to meet and to talk things over, most of them stressing the necessity of doing nothing to injure in any way the League of Nations. We confess to genuine disappointment that the British Labor Government should not have cordially promised to meet with the others to explore the whole proposal and to see what if anything can be accomplished to aid Europe toward a tariff and economic union and perhaps, in the years to come, to a political organization which will still further insure peace in the world.

True, the British answer does not wholly close the door. It does not say that the British nation will not be represented at the conference and it does agree that there should be an "association of economic and political authorities"—whatever that may mean. For the rest it answers M. Briand categorically and always in favor of the League of Nations. It points out that some of the committees of the League are working on the very issues that Briand raises, indeed "on virtually the whole of the program of practical action which the [Briand] memorandum puts forward . . ." and it, therefore, fears that a new organization would create confusion "and perhaps also rivalry." It also worries lest the new organization create intercontinental rivalries. The issue is thus squarely raised as to whether everything should be left to the League with its large non-Continental membership—represented on its committees—or whether Europe should try to organize for itself. We hope to see the Briand proposals plumbed to their uttermost depths. So far from being discouraged by the often sweeping and radical disagreements and reservations in the replies, we are hopeful that they mean a readiness to talk frankly and directly about the issues involved. The all-important point for us is that the nations are going to meet and that they are putting their cards on the table in advance. Being accustomed to accept gratefully half- or quarter-loaves in international affairs we shall rejoice in whatever emerges which may prove to be a milestone toward that tariff union which Europe so sorely needs.

On the point of the League of Nations the German reply is especially admirable: "The German Government agrees to the proposition that the League of Nations must not suffer. No form of European isolation should be introduced which might lead to other groupings in the League of Nations." It also adds that no solution of Europe's difficulties should "be directed against any other state or country"—a generous and friendly gesture in the direction of the United States, the more noteworthy because of the deliberately hostile blow just struck at Europe by our new tariff. Altogether the German reply is as temperate and as reasonable as could possibly be expected. How refreshing it is to hear from Berlin that "military points of view must not be placed in the foreground of the discussion of economic problems"! Courageous, too, in view of the persistent French insistence that security comes first, to have Berlin reply that independent of political considerations there are economic fields to be explored and utilized in the interest of general European advancement and that "closer cooperation in this field should not be made dependent upon closer security. On the contrary, just this economic understanding will materially increase the consciousness of solidarity and thereby the feeling of security." The Germans are, moreover, as emphatic as Italy for including Russia and Turkey in the conference from the outset.

This is the part of wisdom, and we note with similar satisfaction the German belief that a study of European economic troubles should begin with agriculture and should seek means of enlarging agricultural areas and "facilitating the exchange of goods between the leading agricultural and industrial districts of Europe." That is the direction in which this great human experiment should first head. Nothing could help the complete recovery of Europe so much as the breaking down of tariff barriers. The bankers of Europe have been on record for three years to this effect, and to their manifesto was also signed the name of J. P. Morgan, as well as those of other leading American financiers. More than that, there is the historical precedent of the tariff union of Germany, in effect long before the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles in 1871, which led to this political union of all Germany under a kaiser and to her great economic rise. Free trade relations between the states of the proposed new federation of Europe will do more to bring about security than anything else, and out of security and free exchange will naturally develop such political relationships as may seem wise as the years pass. In such a union lies the best promise of a normal, natural evolution.

We have already referred to the admirable Italian answer, so wise and humane in its insistence upon that disarmament to which the Allies are sacredly pledged by the Treaty of Versailles. Remarkable also is the unanimity of belief that there should be complete equality between all nations, large and small, in the new organization. It is idle, of course, to believe that the millennium for Europe is at hand. It is not possible for those who have started this movement to foretell just where it will lead any more than it was possible for the founders of the League of Nations to specify what the evolution of that body was going to be. Besides political and economic difficulties there are linguistic and cultural barriers to be overcome. There are many who think that a new federation would constitute a challenge to Geneva. These are all points to be faced in due course, but if nothing else comes out of it all than a new reason for European consultation and cooperation and planning for disarmament, that alone will have justified M. Briand and will give to his name an enduring place in history.

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Labor Turns the Tables

RARELY, if ever, has a Supreme Court decision received a more enthusiastic welcome from trade unionists than the recent decision in the case of New Orleans Railway Company *vs.* Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, decided May 26, 1930. Here in an opinion delivered by Chief Justice Hughes labor has scored what appears to be a victory of great importance.

Congress provided in the Watson-Parker Act of 1926 that railroad managers shall treat with employees' representatives selected by the workers. The Texas and Pacific road ignored this provision in 1927, when the organized clerks sought to increase their wages. In direct contravention to subdivision 3 of Section 2 of this statute the company proceeded to form a company union. Pressure was brought to bear on members of the brotherhood to induce and coerce them to withdraw from their own organization and make the company union their sole representative in all dealings with the road. The effect, of course, was to deprive the employees of the protection of their own organization—their chief dependence for fair wages and proper working conditions. In opposition to the company union, the brotherhood proceeded in a somewhat novel and unusual manner. Not the strike, boycott, or picketing was a part of its program. Relying upon the provision of the Watson-Parker Act, the brotherhood appealed to Federal District Judge J. C. Hutcheson, Jr., for an injunction against the road and certain of its officers restraining them from interfering with the clerks' labor organization and from displacing the clerks' union as representative of the employees. A temporary order was granted, which was later made permanent. Railroad officials, so it appears, paid little or no attention to the court's order, whereupon counsel for the brotherhood went into court with some one hundred counts alleging violation of the restraining order. The case went to trial and certain railroad officials were found guilty of contempt. The railroad appealed, with the result that the judgment of the District Court was affirmed. Thereupon the company secured a writ of certiorari and carried the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. Here a unanimous bench, speaking through Chief Justice Hughes, denied all the contentions of the petitioners in an opinion that will take high rank in the annals of the court.

The first and most important point which the opinion establishes is that Section 2 of the Railway Labor Act of 1926 confers a substantive right and not merely, as counsel for the petitioners argued, an abstract right. It was because of an appreciation of the infirmity of the existing legislation, the court pointed out, that Congress was prompted to pass the act of 1926. Under its provisions legal duties were imposed and Congress intended, moreover, to make these duties enforceable.

One could scarcely desire a more outspoken approval of the right of collective bargaining than the following, quoted from the decision:

> The legality of collective action on the part of employees in order to safeguard their proper interests is not to be disputed. It has long been recognized that employees are entitled to organize for the purpose of securing the redress of grievances and to promote agreement with employers relating to rates of pay and conditions of work. Congress was not required to ignore this right of employees (to be represented by persons of their own choosing) but could safeguard it and seek to make their appropriate collective action an instrument of peace rather than strife. Such collective action would be a mockery if representation were made futile by interference with freedom of choice. Thus the prohibition by Congress of interference of representatives for the purpose of negotiation and conference between employers and employees, instead of being an invasion of the constitutional right of either, was based on the recognition of the rights of both.

A final and perhaps the most significant ruling of the court was that the obligation of a railroad not to interfere with the freedom of employees to organize could not only be enforced in the federal courts, but it was enforceable by the extraordinary process of the injunction. Counsel for the petitioners argued that the Federal Court was without jurisdiction because property or a property right, as required by Section 20 of the Clayton Act, was wanting in this dispute. Chief Justice Hughes, however, doubted whether Section 20 could be regarded as limiting the authority of the court to restrain violation of an explicit provision of an act of Congress. But even conceding that it was necessary to show a property interest, the interest was easily forthcoming. The Chief Justice maintained that "there was such an interest with respect to the selection of representatives to confer with the employer in relation to contracts of service."

Although this case involved a dispute in interstate commerce the control of which was authorized by an act of Congress, the implications that flow from this opinion are far-reaching. Since the right to work, the right to bargain collectively, and the right of the union to choose its own representatives are all property rights, such rights when invaded are entitled to equitable relief. Since a company union, moreover, under the influence of the employer, prevents workers from faring as well financially as they would fare when represented by their own organization, such an organization denies workers their proper enjoyment of a property right. Would not this argument lead one to conclude that a labor union might secure an injunction against the continuance of a company union without legislative sanction such as was afforded in the Railway Clerks' case?

It is hardly necessary to say that the interpretation which the court placed on the phrase "liberty of contract" in earlier cases has long since been belied by economic and social facts. Chief Justice Hughes has now reached almost the conclusion formulated by Mr. Justice Holmes—that the union alone furnishes that "equality of position between the parties in which liberty of contract begins."

The case is significant for another reason: it demonstrates for the first time in a case before the Supreme Court the effectiveness with which the injunction can be employed in behalf of employees. It is evidently a means by which unions can fight employers with their own kind of fire.

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Professors and Propaganda

HAVING wrestled for years, not very successfully, with the question of academic freedom, the American Association of University Professors has recently turned its attention to the ethical issue involved in the acceptance by professors of payments from public-utility companies in return for articles, addresses, investigations, or other services presumably of benefit to the companies. Included in the inquiry is the ethics of the acceptance by a university of funds ostensibly intended to finance the study of subjects directly related to the business interests of the donors. The immediate occasion of the inquiry was the evidence, some of it appearing to reflect rather seriously upon the integrity of the American professoriate, brought out in hearings before the Federal Trade Commission in its investigation of public-utility corporations.

The report of the association's committee, prepared by the chairman, Professor E. R. L. Seligman of Columbia University, is a broad but inconclusive survey of the various aspects of the situation. The inconclusiveness of the report is due in part to the fact that the investigation of the Federal Trade Commission has not been completed and the public-utility corporations have not yet presented to the commission their side of the case. Until the evidence was all in, accordingly, the committee did not feel at liberty to interrogate the particular professors whose relations with the companies have been called in question. The subject itself is difficult, however, quite aside from the particular incidents involved.

The main question, of course, is whether a university professor, whatever his rank (the report notes that most of those whose names have been mentioned are instructors), may properly have anything to do with propaganda in a field in which his professional and professorial interests are concerned. Propaganda, as the report points out, may be either good or bad. If the merits of a worthy cause—the advantages of organized as against unorganized labor, for example, or the unwisdom of war, or the social dangers of unrestricted traffic in drugs—may not be brought to public notice by organized effort in its behalf, the good causes are few that will be able to make much headway. The trouble comes when propaganda is a tissue of misrepresentation or lies, as was much of the Allied propaganda during the World War, or a deliberate attempt to fasten upon the public an undertaking or a policy which in fact means the exploitation of the public for private profit.

The position of the professor who happens to be a chemist, or a physicist, or an engineer, or an economist offers special dangers and difficulties. Most professors in scientific fields, if their standing is high, are eagerly sought by industrial or business concerns as technical experts or advisers, and many of them are drawn permanently into the business or industrial field to the detriment of university teaching and research. It is not well that university professors should lose touch with practicality, or that business should be deprived of the aid of scholarship merely because a university has appropriated the scholar. Professor Seligman's report does not find that any professor who was mixed up with the public-utilities propaganda changed his opinions or espoused any cause because of the money that was paid to him. The difficulty comes in convincing the public that he remained quite honest while taking money for what he said, wrote, or did.

About all that the committee is able to recommend is that the professor should let his students and the public know where he stands. If he believes in the private ownership and operation of public utilities and is being paid for supporting that view, he had better warn his students that his opinions on the subject may have been influenced by his business connection. Perhaps this is as far as an ethical pronouncement can go until the facts of the situation are more fully known, but it must be apparent to everybody that even with the utmost frankness and most limpid honesty on the part of a professor, his classroom may still be a place in which views of public policy widely regarded as inimical to public welfare are regularly taught. The most dangerous defenders of error are frequently those who are sincere.

Realities in India

THE Simon Commission has made its report, and the Viceroy has told the Indian Legislative Assembly that that report is in form only a set of recommendations and that anybody may propose other plans. But the Viceroy omitted to point out the underlying psychological reality, namely, that the Simon report, by its manner of presentation and its completeness, has the field entirely in Great Britain, and press comments there make it clear that all parties are ready to accept the report scheme with but minor variations. It is clear moreover that the Indian groups outside the Gandhi-Congress camp cannot compose their differences sufficiently to put forward any clear-cut, comprehensive, workable proposals. If Indians come to the conference they will present only factional and incomplete proposals, and the British can easily play on their mutual suspicions and jealousies so as to prevent the formation of a solid Indian front at the conference. That means that the Simon Commission's scheme in substance is what the British expect to put into effect.

Furthermore, the Viceroy, by stating that the government intends to fight the civil-disobedience movement "with all our strength," makes it clear that there will be no representatives of the Congress at the proposed Round Table Conference. The Viceroy and the government apparently hope that this party will surrender before October. If it does not, the Round Table Conference, if it is held, will be on the Indian side only a group of catspaws and beggars. Suppose that the Simon proposals, with minor changes, are adopted by Parliament. The Simon scheme is built on the assumption that a sufficient number of powerful Indian groups will cooperate in making it work. But it is clear that the present movement has stirred Indian nationalism to depths hitherto untouched. If Indian opposition in the past ten years has made the present scheme of government difficult to work, it will be tenfold more difficult from now on. If the Gandhi-Congress party continues with its present tactics after the

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Simon plan becomes law, the Viceroy and provincial governors will be forced to use the "overriding powers" provided in the Simon scheme, and the government will become completely autocratic and repressive.

Several Indian liberals and moderates have apparently been satisfied by the Viceroy's speech and are now ready to go to a round-table conference. But as they and their friends digest the situation more fully, it seems likely that they may realize not only their own weak position but that the only way to gather strength is by joining Gandhi. As the struggle proceeds, more and more Indians and more and more outsiders seem likely to realize:

1. That the Gandhi-Congress party excels all other Indian groups in initiative, courage, energy, enthusiasm, greatness of purpose, strategy, determination, method, and effective numbers. The fact that the Viceroy deemed it necessary to say in his speech that the government will fight this party "with all our strength" is a tribute to its power.

2. That a fully crystallized scheme of future government need not be formulated by the Congress party at present. Whatever comes must be an organic growth from the circumstances at the time of actual achievement of freedom. It cannot be manufactured in advance. Even though it was not adopted, the Nehru plan was sufficiently good to prove that there is the ability to draft a feasible plan.

3. That if the Gandhi-Congress party achieves success, it will do so only by having welded together a substantial part of all the groups which previously have quarreled among themselves, and hence, at the end of the struggle with Britain, the few remaining party disputes will be easily manageable.

4. That if the Gandhi-Congress party wins, its prestige in India will be so great that it can handle quite easily what little remaining Indian opposition there may be.

5. That organized, mass, non-violent resistance is a method of solving human conflicts which requires very great self-control, cooperation, discipline, and determination. These are not the qualities of disorder and what is known as anarchy. Therefore the substitution of non-violence, courage, and kindness in place of violence and fear as the ultimate basis of the state need have no terrors for timid souls.

6. That under British or any other outside government the communal quarrels will continue, whereas under the proposals and methods of the Gandhi-Congress party substantial unity and working harmony can be attained. The Congress has promised that no scheme of government will be put into effect by it which does not in advance satisfy all Indian communities.

7. That the Simon proposals, even if put into formal effect, are unworkable in the face of a fully aroused, energetic, well-organized, disillusioned, and determined national party such as the one which now exists.

8. That even if Mahatma Gandhi were to die, there are now so many Indians who understand his method and have practiced and become disciplined in it, and the desire for political independence is so widely and deeply felt by all groups in India—even in such an event Great Britain would inevitably lose political control over India.

The months between now and October will test the determination and power of the civil resisters and the effectiveness of their weapon. These months will also indicate how adaptable is the British ruling class.

The Greatest Novels

PROFESSOR LAMONT'S list of the "sixty great novels of all time" is as nearly impeccable as such a list can be. If it omits "Robinson Crusoe" and "Tristram Shandy" it includes "Jennie Gerhardt" and "Of Human Bondage." If one might have spared "The Forsyte Saga" and "Barren Ground" in favor of "Emma" and "The Idiot," if personal preference would have included "All Quiet on the Western Front" instead of "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," these corrections are purely arbitrary and show that such a list can never be final or please everybody. But all the great names are here: there is the omnipresent "Tom Jones," heading the list chronologically, and one suspects meritoriously also. There are the Russians—"War and Peace," the immortal Anna, the Karamazovs; there is the White Whale; there are Hester Prynne and Becky Sharpe and Emma Bovary and Tess, and Huck Finn and Swann and Henry Esmond, and the irresistible Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. A very motley, very gallant company. If they are all in paradise together, as one hopes they may be, paradise must be a splendid place—more splendid, more dashing, more full of pity and terror than the creators of these characters themselves would make if they lived all together behind the pearly gates of heaven.

For it is a strange commentary on the relative realities of fact and fiction that in most cases these brain-children are more alive to us now than ever were their creators. We know more and care more about Tom Jones than we know or care about Mr. Justice Fielding; we follow Hester and Dimmesdale and Chillingworth into realms of the heart which the reticent Hawthorne kept closed to us. Dreiser is a man who issues pronunciamientos on the Communist Party; but Jennie Gerhardt is the woman next door, a poor, suffering, loving, inadequate, aspiring human creature. There should probably be a law that every great novelist be compelled as his best and greatest work to write a full and perfectly truthful autobiography, everything that he has ever thought, felt, said, and done. Then we should have a list of novels that would be memorable indeed. Instead, every novelist, whether great or small, puts some of himself and his own experience into each of his books. Something that he has heard goes into the mouth of this character; something that he has done appears in the actions of that one. The whole can never be assembled because nobody but the author can disentangle himself from the rest, and he prefers not to do it. He is willing to tell secrets about his characters; he prefers in most cases to keep his own secret life inviolate.

But all such captious criticism aside, Professor Lamont's list, if it were read carefully by every young man and woman before attaining the age of twenty-five, would constitute a liberal course in the art of living. Here are men and women facing very human problems, solving them and not solving them, making something or nothing of their lives, breaking or being broken by the forces that are mustered against those who live in this world. Here are love and death, joy and pain, truth and fraud and paganism and piety. Here, in short, is life. Not complete, any more than this list of sixty books is complete. But interesting. That is the final answer to those who criticize the making of such a list.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT has always puzzled me that people should complain about heat waves. I like them. Much has been written in prose and song of the glories of the open road. The open pore remains to be celebrated. I have no lyric gift, so all that I can say is that man is generally at his best when in a melting mood. The hot and bothered are, on the whole, a more cheerful lot than the numb and nasty. With all due deference to the Scandinavian, it is the cold which brings out man's baser nature. Little of any moment ever takes place before a blazing log fire or around the oil stove. These are spots where reactionaries hold forth in praise of ancient grudges. Inspiration and idealism depend upon the possession of a brow both warm and moist.

Even the humidity provokes me into thoughts of higher and better things. Most of my mysticism is associated with days and nights called stifling. For when one tosses then he thinks, and there is nothing like sultriness to get a man steamed up about the cosmos. At the end of any day of record-breaking temperature I am somewhat less in bulk than I was before. A part of me has gone back into its basic elements. Some of the outer layers are already in the hands of the button-molder. And yet, though surfaces which once could thrill and suffer are departed, I am essentially the same person. I am still here.

And if this process of diminution could be continued until any one of us was dissipated out of corporeality would he at that moment surrender all personal identity? If you or I can lightly drop 5 pounds and still be Jack or Jill as usual why not 175 or even 240? At what point is one to draw the line with some grave shake of the head and say, "The poor fellow is no more"?

Few of the health hints which I have observed take any account of the necessity of high thinking during torrid weather. There is nothing so potent to chill warm blood as speculation. It will be found, I believe, that all those who were overcome offered nothing to the scorching rays but a hospitable vacuum. Even the sun itself is not capable of tagging a brain which stands poised upon its toes. One should always present to the fierce bright beams a moving target.

In any bulletin of how to live though very nearly stifled there should be the injunction not to read the list of victims in the daily papers nor even the standing headline "Hot Wave Deals Death." The difference between an eighty-six and a ninety-three is insignificant upon the thermometer no matter how vital it may be upon the golf course. And after the mercury passes one hundred there is no possible point in ascertaining its precise course. Beyond the century mark anything is terrible and so what is the use of bothering as to the exact tabulation. We should be calm and pay no attention to the sun's persuasive press agents. Again and again I have spent delightful days with no thought of suffocating until I picked up the evening paper to read to the length of two columns that I had been "Baked in Deadly Furnace."

To be sure, there are a few simple rules which everybody ought to observe. Naturally no one should get up until after noon. Or go to bed until fanned by the cool breezes which generally rise along about the hour of 4 a. m. Obviously we should all absent ourselves from business places, subways, and main thoroughfares in tropic weather. Few are ever prostrated while sitting comfortably at home in a cool tub reading a good detective story.

Our boasted American efficiency is largely bosh. Many peoples live and breathe and prosper in climates far more punishing than our own. But they organize their lives upon the fact of high temperature. Although summer heat is no novelty in the United States we Americans act as if the thing were wholly unexpected. We do not even dress with any regard for summer conditions. People close to the equator never regard themselves sorely put upon by high temperatures. They accept the circumstance that the sun can be unfriendly in periods of frenzy and adjust their daily routine accordingly. When the sun is at torrid height they remain indoors and nap, all unconscious of the glaring punishment.

The European and the South American are far more efficient than the average American. The foreigner goes to his office only when there is work to be done. With us it is a rite, like attending church on Sunday. Hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers rush downtown on days when they know that nobody is going to turn a hand. They seem to feel that they must report just the same and be at post if only to preserve the franchise. The American business man who idles about his house upon a mean and stuffy day when there is nothing whatsoever to do at the office is called a loafer and a parasite. But if he goes to his office and remains there some portion of the day to twiddle the time away before a barren desk, that person straightway becomes a shining member of the army which has made American industry all-conquering.

But what is the use of working when there's no work to be done? If all the idle executives in New York could be laid end to end they would stretch from Wall Street to the cool coast of Maine, where they could have much more fun.

Physicians who fashion hot-weather hints are almost unanimous in gravely advising that alcohol should be dispensed with absolutely. I wonder whether every one of them would or could actually resist the minted fragrance of something cool and tinkling in a tall glass. To avoid any semblance of a prohibition argument during the present temperatures—it is such activities that bring on prostration—I will admit that alcohol on summer days is frowned upon by doctors and lawmakers alike.

Having granted this, I will point out that men in hot climates have almost invariably turned to the friendly stimulation of Scotch. The white man's burden could never have been carried to the far quarters of the globe without recourse to fizzes and highballs. Undoubtedly all this is bad for the liver. But it is good for the disposition. And on such a day as this I'd give my liver as gladly as Prometheus for just a touch of something icy, spiked, and gurgling.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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What Next in Palestine?

By VICTOR S. YARROS

IT is difficult, if not impossible, for an impartial observer in America or Europe to reach firm conclusions regarding the calamitous Arab-Jewish conflict still raging in Palestine. The report of the Shaw commission in Great Britain put the immediate blame for the outbreaks upon the Arabs but absolved the Arab leaders as a body of deliberate incitement. It met the charge that the Palestine government was weak by pointing to "the difficulties inherent in the mandate." It cited as the underlying cause of the outbreaks the fear on the part of the Arabs that wholesale Jewish immigration and land purchase might create a situation in which the Arabs would be landless paupers under Jewish political domination. On the other hand, it is rumored that the report of the Mandates Commission, which has not yet been published, lays the burden of responsibility upon the British, and that it particularly blames the British for failing to assure adequate means of maintaining order.

But a recent visit to Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Haifa, and other Palestinian communities and settlements, old and new, has given the writer of these lines some insight into a grave and tragic situation that he would like to share with other friends of justice and liberalism. Almost every person in Palestine has his own positive opinion concerning the burning question—What next? Such opinions fall naturally into three distinct categories: the violent and hate-ridden, the moderate, and the gloomy and pessimistic.

There are intelligent, vigorous Jews in Palestine who hold the British administration responsible for the riots of last August, for the present feeling of insecurity, and for the bitter Arab opposition to the policy of the Balfour Declaration—as generally interpreted. There are Jews in business and in the professions who say that Britain has been weak, vacillating, tricky, and stupid in her administration of Palestine under the mandate of the League of Nations, and that if she surrendered the mandate, retired from Palestine, and transferred power to a native agency, none of the predicted disorders would come to pass.

On the other hand, there are Jews in the settlements that have known danger and fear who say that Great Britain will be needed in Palestine during the next five or six decades, that the Jews would be massacred by the Arabs if British bayonets and police clubs did not overawe and subdue the bitter and embattled elements of the Arab population, and that all talk about autonomy and national self-government is doctrinaire and premature.

Between these extremes stands Dr. J. L. Magnes, the scholarly, high-minded, gentle chancellor of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem. His views and recommendations, as outlined in candid conversations as well as in a brochure written and recently published by him entirely on his own responsibility, seem to me sane, reasonable, and eminently practical. He seems to have few followers, it is true, outside the university faculty and student body. He is loved and admired as a man and an educator, but he is called an idealist and a visionary. It is asserted by many that he is far too generous in his estimate of Arab character and Arab temperament, and that he credits the Arabs with fine qualities which they do not possess. This too hopeful estimate, it is said, renders his program utopian; but if there is any alternative program of merit or promise, I was unable to discover it in Palestine.

Dr. Magnes believes the situation demands a candid reinterpretation of the Balfour Declaration. Whether or not that ambiguous declaration has been misconstrued, and if so, by whom, is not a question of moment at this critical juncture. The important thing, in Dr. Magnes's judgment, is to remove misunderstanding and sources of angry contention by saying plainly what the declaration really means. What does it mean—or, rather, what can it mean?

There are about 650,000 Arabs and Christians in Palestine. In establishing a national home for the Jewish people in Palestine the Balfour Declaration stipulated that nothing should be done to prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities. Certain Arab leaders contend that the objective of a Jewish national homeland is per se incompatible with the rights and aspirations of their people. Some Christians take the same position. But is there in fact no room for a large Jewish population in Palestine? This, manifestly, is a crucial question. Were the answer negative, Zionism would be an impossibility. But the answer, say the Jews, is affirmative, according to scientific inquiries conducted under independent auspices, including the British administration. Palestine, politically limited as it is, could accommodate between 3,000,000 and 3,500,000 people, agriculture remaining its principal industry. The present population is only about 900,000; hence it follows that there is room in Palestine for considerably over 2,000,000 immigrants. These immigrants will not come from Arabia and they will not be Mohammedans. They will come mainly from Europe and America, and they will be of the Jewish race.

Should they be permitted to come? If not, why not? By what right, by what principle of justice or equity, can they be excluded? A sovereign Arab state, the present mood being what it is, would undoubtedly take steps to suspend or limit with extreme rigor further Jewish immigration; but ten or twenty years hence even an Arab state might recognize the enormous economic and cultural benefits inherent in Jewish immigration, if wisely controlled and accompanied by adequate capital and modern technical equipment. However, there is no possibility of a sovereign Arab state in Palestine in the near future. A Palestinian state, if and when created, will be a binational state under the protection and control of Great Britain or the League of Nations.

This, Dr. Magnes holds, is what a proper reinterpretation of the Balfour Declaration would signify and announce to the world. There is no likelihood of an Arab state or of a Jewish state. The goal to strive for is a state based on and dedicated to the principle of equal rights, mutual tolerance, justice, and good-will. In other words, Palestine will be at once a Jewish, a Christian, and an Arab homeland.

But in the meantime how can peace and cooperation

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be restored? Clearly, force and the threat of force will not do that. Dr. Magnes's ideas and practical suggestion in this connection are exceedingly interesting and thought-provoking. Here is their essence: Let Great Britain, after consultation with racial and national leaders, establish a legislative assembly in Palestine. Let the regime be genuinely democratic. The assembly may be unicameral or bicameral—that is a detail not now pressing. Let the people of Palestine govern themselves through their representatives, and let all domestic questions be settled after discussion and investigation, as in other republican and democratic commonwealths.

But three fundamental questions must be "reserved" by Great Britain, the mandatory and umpire, or taken out of the purview and jurisdiction of the Palestine legislature or the local electorate. These three questions are immigration, settlement on the land, and freedom to restore Hebrew culture and develop Hebrew genius. If the Arab majority will accept these restrictions—and there is no reason why it should not, once prejudice and suspicion are thrust aside—the spirit and substance of the Balfour Declaration, as of Zionism, will have been preserved and made secure, in Dr. Magnes's opinion. Those who are not prepared to indorse this program might well ponder and answer these remarks:

> If I could know that in the course of a long period a Jewish community of one million souls, one-third of the potential population, was possible in Palestine, I should be well content. Let the colonizers and the students of vital statistics tell us how long a period it will take for Arabs to become 2,000,000 and for Jews to become 1,000,000. Surely, much longer than a full generation. Why not, therefore, let us try to work out a program for a generation, and let the succeeding generation take care of its own problems?

Will the program of Dr. Magnes as a whole appeal to the Arabs? That will depend largely on the way in which the settlement of hundreds of thousands of additional Jewish immigrants is conceived and carried out. Land must be purchased, of course, and fair prices must be paid, but the agricultural and social conditions existing in Palestine are peculiar, and certain mistakes must be avoided in dealing with Arab proprietors. The fellaheen must not be dispossessed. If the rich absentee landowners continue to sell land to the Jews, despite the present theoretical boycott of such "traitors" by the intense nationalists, care must be taken effectively to safeguard the meager claims of the Arab laborers. In no circumstances must these be allowed to suffer. Moreover, it is better to reclaim land now worthless than to purchase land already under cultivation; for reclamation offers the Arab the most striking object-lesson in the benefits of Jewish immigration, and it makes directly for prosperity—at least under normal conditions when there is effective demand at fair prices for Palestinian products.

With immigration and settlement on the land assured to the Jews, the Arabs would place no obstacle in the way of the promotion of Hebrew culture and the gradual revival of the Hebrew language. Intellectual and spiritual competition is tonic and wholesome. In the Jewish public schools, in the Hebrew University, through the libraries and clubs, in the modest homes of idealistic colonists, Hebrew is beginning to permeate life and to influence thought and sentiment. The intelligent Arabs see nothing alarming in these developments. Some of them, indeed, have cooperated heartily with the Hebrew University and its faculty. They have donated books and valuable manuscripts to the library. They have welcomed the interesting and scholarly project of a concordance of Arab poetry. Arabs are consulting the material for the concordance already available in the library.

After all, as has been pointed out, Palestine cannot mean as much to the Arab as to the Zionist Jew. The Arab has Syria, Iraq, the Nejd, the Hejaz. The Zionist has nothing save Palestine. If he can convert it into a creative source, a constant inspiration, a center of spiritual activity, Asia will be the richer for it and the more significant to the world of today. Palestine to the Zionists is still an experiment. As I have intimated, there are disheartened Jews in that country who frankly anticipate the failure of the experiment. They do not trust British statesmen and politicians. They are not sure that the 160,000 Jews already in Palestine will receive adequate protection. They think that the British administration in Palestine is anti-Semitic, and they assert that the Arabs are convinced of that fact and are led by it to adopt an attitude of bitter hostility toward Zionism. But to an impartial observer the failure of the experiment does not seem either inevitable or even probable.

A firm but just position on the part of the British administration, an educational campaign in the press, open and sincere disclaimers of any design to expropriate or dispossess the Arab peasant, strictly and scientifically controlled Jewish immigration, the continued introduction of modern machinery, tools, and methods by the Jewish colonists, the extension of all medical and hygienic services to the Arabs, the improvement of living standards and the upward trend in wages—these things cannot fail in time to undermine and dispel groundless Arab prejudices and fear and to effect a rapprochement between the races now poisoned by mutual antipathy. After all, the Arabs and Jews have lived together in amity for many centuries. There is no reason in the nature of things why the same amicable relations should not continue in spite of the Balfour Declaration. The danger lies in fanaticism, in impossible demands from either side, in the deliberate and systematic sowing of the seeds of envy, jealousy, malice, and antipathy by the irreconcilables.

One thing is clear—no nation and no government can "give" Palestine to the Jews. That land is not on the auction block. Those who are there cannot be overridden and defied, and whatever is done in the future in line with the Balfour Declaration will ultimately have to be done with the real consent of the majority. To conclude with another quotation from Dr. Magnes's pamphlet:

> The Jew may have to be prepared to face for a further period the hostility of a section of Arabs and of English and others. Provided our own attitude is just and fair we should face that opposition and not abandon the struggle. Our goal must be to have our enterprise rest upon the conviction of all concerned that it is right and just.
>
> 'Palestine is holy to the Jew in that his attitude toward this land is necessarily different from his attitude toward any other land. He may have to live in other lands upon the support of bayonets, but that may well be something which he, as a Jew, cannot help. But when he goes voluntarily as a Jew to repeople his own Jewish homeland, it is by an act of will, of faith, of free choice, and he should not either will or believe in or want a Jewish home that can be maintained in the long run only against the violent opposition of the Arab and Moslem peoples.

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Huston Stays On

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 21

"CLAUDIUS has a lot to learn about stud poker, but he knows where the body is buried all right." So runs the generally accepted explanation hereabouts of the Administration's ignominious failure to remove Old Man of the Sea Huston from the neck of the Republican National Committee. Day after day the word went out from the White House that Claudius would soon be only a painful memory. Brave Will Wood, chairman of the House campaign committee, announced that "every Republican member of the House wants him out." Treasurer Nutt thundered, and Jimmie Burke whispered, and such redoubtable party characters as Maurice Maschke of Ohio and Matt Chilton of Kentucky closed in for the killing. When the doors opened and the smoke lifted there sat good old Claudius, his thin lips parted in a half-smile, his skin like parchment, and his starched collar immaculate, in the midst of a circle of dripping brows and limp linen suits, and he was still National Chairman. The most that can be had in the way of explanation is that he "knows where the body is buried." As to what body it is and who buried it there is some difference of opinion, but most of the guesses are immediately concerned with the methods employed to arouse religious prejudice against Al Smith in the last Presidential campaign and the sources from which those efforts were financed. Because of Huston's established success in obtaining lobby contributions from power companies seeking possession of Muscle Shoals, there is a natural tendency to wonder whether he obtained political contributions from similar sources. To hold on as he has under all the pressure to which he has been subjected, he must have valuable knowledge of some kind. Few competent observers believe that it relates to stud poker or the stock market.

* * * * *

NOT all is moonlight and roses for the power trust. That devoted friend of the Electric Bond and Share, Lieutenant General Edgar Jadwin, chosen by his brother engineer in the White House to head the new Federal Power Commission, has suddenly become the recipient of a "private offer" so attractive that he feels compelled to decline the proffered chairmanship. In view of the celebrated efficiency of the Presidential secretariat, containing, as it does, one former detective, one former reporter, and one former Congressman, it is a little surprising that the General's name was announced before it was definitely ascertained that he would accept. Can it be possible that he did accept and then changed his mind? It is possible. It is even possible that he was induced to change it after that thoroughly hard-boiled customer, Senator Couzens, to whom his name had been submitted in advance, served notice that in view of Jadwin's power record, and in view of *somebody's* failure to mention the same when consulting Couzens on the subject, he would oppose his confirmation by the Senate. Poor Herbert! This job of finding men for the Power Commission whose records are definite enough to satisfy the power magnates and yet so obscure that Senators and newspaper reporters cannot discover them is not an easy one. If extremity comes and he decides to name a set of commissioners whose records are definitely favorable to the public, he might look at the record of the Massachusetts Commission.

* * * * *

RIGHT now, however, the problem which is most disquieting to the Great Sufferer in the White House is concerned with the condition of the wheat market and the Farm Board's efforts to alleviate it. Rather, to be more exact, it is concerned with the potential political consequences arising from that condition and those efforts. A bumper crop, the lowest price in sixteen years, and the Farm Board holding, at a cost of $1,000,000 a month, 60,000,000 bushels of last year's crop, none of which it can sell without further breaking an already broken market! This is the harvest of the Hoover farm act, handed to the House, passed by it without the changing of a comma, and forced through a rebellious Senate which wanted the debenture plan. But the White House correspondents no longer are treated to any mention of "the Administration's program," or "the President's Farm Board." Now it is impressed on them that the farm act was the work of Congress, and that the board is "simply carying out the policies laid down by Congress." In other words, the original savior of agriculture and author of the Administration's farm-relief policies washes his hands of the program which he devised and of the board which he appointed. Well, what did you expect?

* * * * *

THE best-laid plans of mice and men often fail in politics as elsewhere. But there was an uncomfortable period of a few days when it seemed that success might attend the miserable political trick through which certain rodents in Nebraska sought to deprive this nation of its most devoted public servant. If Senator George W. Norris had been compelled to run for reelection as an independent candidate he might still have won, but only after a terrific battle against heavy odds. The risk, happily averted through the prompt action of the Nebraska Supreme Court, was created when an obscure grocery clerk named George W. Norris was mysteriously inspired at the last minute to file against him for the Republican nomination, and when Secretary of State Frank Marsh, a political enemy of Senator Norris, ruled, contrary to the opinion of the Attorney General of the State, that Grocer Norris's papers were received in proper order and that the law prohibits any designation on the ballot that would enable the voters to know which Norris they were voting for. That malice could be carried to such grotesque lengths seems almost incredible, for under the Secretary of State's ruling the election officials charged with the duty of counting the votes would not know which candidate to credit them to. And if they were so counted that one Norris received a clear majority of the votes, no living soul would know which Norris had won! Of course, what would have happened is that the vote intended for

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Senator Norris would have been divided between the two names, thus enabling his real opponent to win. His real opponent is W. B. Stebbins, the State Treasurer. I have heard no intimation that Stebbins is suspected of complicity. Apparently he was a mere incident in what was an attempt to get Senator Norris out of the Senate at any cost.

* * * * *

THE history of Grocer Norris and the circumstances under which he became a candidate are sufficient to dispel any thought that he might have aspired to the Senate. Thirty-two years old, he arrived in the town of Broken Bow about a year ago and became manager of a chain grocery store. To the community at large his presence remained virtually unknown. He joined the local post of the American Legion but took little part in its activities. With one exception he did not participate in public affairs. The exception, in view of recent events, may be significant. It concerned a campaign conducted by the local power company for a renewal of its franchise. In that campaign, which was unsuccessful, Grocer Norris exerted the whole of his modest influence in behalf of the power company. Such was his political background. July 3 was the final date fixed by law on which candidates could file for the Republican primary. On July 1 Grocer Norris quit his job. On July 2 he gave to a friend in the post office a stamped envelope containing his filing papers and the required fee of $50, with instructions not to mail it until the last train had departed. That night he disappeared with his wife and two children, and thus far all efforts to locate him have failed. Facts that might throw light on the matter are meager. An attorney for the Nebraska Power Company visited Broken Bow a few days earlier. Grocer Norris's wife is reported to have told acquaintances that the family was going on a three years' vacation. In the legal proceedings arising from his candidacy the absent candidate has been represented by distinguished counsel.

The Press Today

IX. The Opportunity in the Small City*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE Canton, Ohio, *Daily News* is no more. On July 3 James M. Cox, former Governor of Ohio, and owner of the *Daily News,* announced that its career of ninety-seven years had come to an end, that its real estate, plant, and other assets had been sold to the Canton *Repository,* which is owned by the Brush-Moore syndicate. "Canton," Mr. Cox announced, "is not big enough to support two modernly conducted newspaper plants . . . there is not a sufficient net return on the capital invested nor the labor and management involved." So another historic daily passes, and inexorable economic forces which are steadily decreasing the number of dailies in the United States have scored another success.

There are, however, other reasons why the announcement of the demise of this daily will be read with deep regret. The Canton *News* was the paper whose editor, Don R. Mellett, was assassinated on July 15, 1926, by, or by order of, the corrupt public officials whose misconduct he had exposed and denounced. For his murder the chief of police was convicted, only, I believe, to have the sentence subsequently set aside. After his death the Pulitzer prize was awarded to the Canton *News* for its gallantry and courage in attacking the alliance of officialdom with vice and crime.

This excellent fight with its tragic ending was widely heralded by journalists throughout the country as proof that the entire profession had not yet succumbed to the capitalistic influences which are so profoundly changing it day by day—and the contention was just. It was the kind of fight newspapers ought to be making; it was in accord with the best of the old traditions; it showed that dailies can still exert a profound influence in their communities if their editors are willing to make every sacrifice and are free to state the truth as they see it. Yet the Canton *News* is done to death just four years after the murder of Don Mellett, not by its enemies, not by the organized power of political corruption, but by its owner himself, as he frankly says, because of the "tendency toward large operating entities, a tendency obviously promoted if not rendered necessary by economic trends." What the gang could not accomplish, the drift toward combinations has achieved. Many active journalists may yet live to see only one morning and one evening newspaper, or just one daily, in all but the largest of our cities.

Melancholy as the fate of the Canton *News* is, it does not negative my long-held belief that the best opportunities for the rising journalist today, especially for him whose blood is infected with the virus of the reformer, lie in the small towns and cities. Dozens of aspirants come to me each year, as to every other metropolitan journalist, for aid in getting on a New York City daily. Mostly they are novices; but often they are men who have had provincial experience, who have for years dreamed of a job in New York, and are worthy craftsmen. It is hard to make them understand that the offices of the remaining New York dailies are flooded with applicants; that with the disappearance of the great editors one must be a columnist, or a feature writer, or a sports editor to make a quick reputation, and even these opportunities are extraordinarily limited; that the chance of running or controlling a big city daily is now practically nil unless there is inherited opportunity or very great wealth. So I, for one, urge the applicant to settle in the large towns that are becoming cities, in the many cities that have achieved or are achieving their first 100,000 of population. There one can still be a personal and editorial force; there one can still know the leaders of the entire community and be known by them and can profoundly influence the development of things, provided, of course, there happen to be liberal owners, or owners of sufficiently broad gauge to give their editors a free hand.

* This is the ninth of a series of articles on The Press Today. The tenth, on the German press, will appear in our issue of August 20.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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That there still are such owners appears from a letter from W. T. Anderson, owner of the Macon, Georgia, *News* and *Telegraph*. It bears the date of June 10 last, which was just after Mr. Anderson had purchased the *News*. It is addressed to Ben B. Johnston:

> You are hereby appointed managing editor of the Macon *Evening News*, effective from this date. Your duties will consist of seeing to it that the *News* is made the best afternoon newspaper it is possible to make it, exigencies considered. You will be expected to write the editorials according to your own views and reactions to public questions. We must bear in mind that there is a substantial element in Macon that have opinions that differ from those of the *Telegraph*, and while I don't want to suggest what argument you shall offer or side you shall espouse, leaving that to your intelligence and your conscience, I shall have no criticism of or quarrel with you if at any time you are found opposing the views of the *Telegraph*.

He added among other good things: "I hope you agree with my idea that publishing a newspaper is a trusteeship and will treat it as such." I cannot see how these instructions from an owner to an editor could be improved upon.

As for instances of the service a free paper can render in a small city or town, there are any number of them. There was the case of the Indianapolis *Times*, a Scripps-Howard daily, which under the editorship of Boyd Gurley saw its circulation decrease by 25,000 overnight because it dared to join Thomas H. Adams, then editor of the Vincennes *Courier*, in declaring that the State of Indiana, from the governorship down, should not be run by crooks and grafters. Together these men made a glorious fight. Such as these, and Don Mellett, do not build up *Saturday Evening Posts* nor Philadelphia *Inquirers* nor Chicago *Tribunes*. They do not line their pockets with millions with which to endow a college here, a music school there, or an unnecessary school of journalism elsewhere. But they win, these small-town crusaders, the enduring satisfactions of life, beside which material success is as nothing. Theirs is the true glory of journalism.

Nor does this apply only to the crusading spirits that I have cited. There is William Allen White. What need to point out the service he has rendered to his small town and his big State? He is a national asset, if the country has one. Because he stayed in Emporia and refused to accept any of the many high-salaried positions in New York which have been offered to him, he has become the most outstanding figure in journalism west of the Mississippi River. He alone would demonstrate my case. But there are many others, though less conspicuous. I need hardly state again, as I have so often, my admiration for the splendid group of Southern editors who are fighting the battle for justice and fair play and progress in the South. There could be no better examples than are to be found there of the patriotic service a small-town editor can render. It will be a sorry day indeed for the whole country when the same economic forces which are making over and decreasing the Northern press begin to affect the Southern section. But even in passing one should recall the years of admirable journalism of the Gonzales brothers who made the Columbia, South Carolina, *State* an ornament of the profession. W. E. Gonzales is still carrying on the tradition. In other sections, too, there are brave men who stand out. The late Warren Worth Bailey of the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, *Democrat* for years carried on the work of steadily enlightening his community upon economic and political issues, and the paper continues in the family's hands. Mr. Bailey would have been absolutely at a loss in a large city; as it was, he was held in honor at home and even represented in Congress for too brief a period the hidebound Republican district in which he labored, although he was a Democrat, a tariff reformer, and a single-taxer. Then there is a man in Akron, Ohio, who has also been in Congress, C. L. Knight, owner of the Beacon *Journal* with a circulation of 57,581. A bit erratic he seems, but what does that matter? The point is that he is free to say what he thinks, that he is outspoken and fearless, and that he is molding public opinion in a small city which under his leadership and that of others is rapidly growing into a large one.

In many States there are outstanding newspapers like the Springfield, Massachusetts, *Republican*, the Des Moines *Tribune-Register*, the Newark *Evening News*, to cite only three, which merit universal commendation for their day-by-day scrutiny of courthouses, city halls, and legislatures. Their steady searchlights of publicity stop much corruption and disorder at the source. When I contemplate such as these I must admit a considerable measure of truth in a criticism of this series of articles which a small-city editor sends me:

> New York papers attract the greatest attention from critics like yourself. I suppose that is logical and inevitable. Yet the real leadership is in the so-called country newspapers—those in the provinces. They are really more necessary to the public than those in the metropolis and they do more real ground-work. I believe that the kind of newspaper that I work for, which handles foreign stuff, has a fairly good Washington service, and lives up to the responsibility and drudgery of giving vigilant publicity to the things in town, city, and State which promote honest government, is the most worth-while and effective daily we have.

Undoubtedly there are virility and devotion to the public welfare in such dailies as these. Yet I often wish that they could have still greater passion for our civil liberties and the old-fashioned American ideals and could be freer still from local business influences. I wish that the Newark *News*, for example, would blaze with indignation and make a major crusade against the denial of free speech in its city by its lawless police and their refusal to grant to unpopular minorities the legitimate exercise of their constitutional rights. Too often newspapers of this type represent the old kind of watch-dog activity which is not always suited to our newest problems, which too often lacks a liberal point of view and an understanding of what is facing the American people. It generally fails to ally with that day-by-day scrutiny of our public officials a clear-cut, fearless, aggressive leadership and a knowledge of what it is all about in this modern world of ours. It is surely obvious that there has been a dreadful lot of corruption and crookedness in all our cities despite the vigilance and the searchlights of which my editor friend writes me. Obviously, if there had been more of the Mellett crusading spirit State and local governments everywhere would be a good deal better. It is precisely this fact that renders the opportunity so tempting for liberals who seek to make their influence felt through journalism.

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The clearest illustration of just what I have in mind is afforded by the Portland, Maine, *Evening News,* to which the Pulitzer prize committee gave honorable mention this last spring for its admirable fight to prevent the export of power from that State. The *Evening News* was founded late in 1927 by a small group of citizens, not men of great wealth, but persons actuated by the desire to break the press monopoly in Portland of the Guy P. Gannett newspapers and to have an independent and liberal daily. They have meticulously held to this program. They have left the editor wholly free to run the paper as his conscience dictates, and they have even allowed him to advocate policies with which they disagreed. They have seen their policy bear fruit in the steady rise of the circulation from nothing to 10,869 by September 30, 1928, to 18,179 in March, 1930. Their paper is selling over 21,000 copies in July, 1930, or within 3,000 of its long-established evening competitor, the Portland *Express.* This is a very considerable achievement indeed; it has naturally not been brought to pass without financial sacrifice. Yet it seems as if financial success could not be long delayed; month by month the paper gains in circulation and advertising. In less than three years it has firmly established itself in a community which is anything but receptive to what is new.

For this the credit belongs in large measure to Dr. Ernest Gruening, the editor, formerly managing editor of the Boston *Traveller,* the New York *Tribune,* and *The Nation.* Dr. Gruening saw the opportunity and yielded his natural inclination to continue in the field of authorship and in metropolitan life to the chance to drive an entering wedge into a situation in which the press and big business have gone hand in hand in dominating the State. Mr. Gannett, who now owns one morning and one evening newspaper and the Sunday paper in Portland, besides the Waterville *Sentinel* and the Augusta *Kennebec Journal,* has not only been closely allied with the great power and banking interests of the State, but has actually spoken in his newspapers as if they were the direct representatives of Samuel Insull. More than that, having been for years national committeeman, as his wife is now national Republican committeewoman, he represents the liaison between the press, business, and politics. The monopoly which his newspapers achieved, especially in Portland, led to serious bias in their handling of news, to tendentious political reporting, and to suppression and distortion—in all of which respects, by the way, his newspapers have improved since the advent of the *Evening News* into the Portland field, undoubtedly because the *News* has had courage at times to expose their mishandling of news. Thus all the three Gannett newspapers carefully suppressed the news that certain Continental Oil Company bonds had been traced to the Republican National Committee, a most important and sensational event in the oil scandal. It was a first-page story in the New York *Times, Herald Tribune,* the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* and other papers. Not one line of this appeared in the Portland *Press Herald* or *Express.* Even last year news of a series of deaths of workers on the Bingham dam, the great hydroelectric development on the Kennebec River, was suppressed by the Gannett newspapers.

But the achievement for which the Pulitzer committee commended the *News,* although it felt that it could not award it the prize, was the rousing of the State to voting down on September 9, 1929, by a majority of 8,000 votes, a referendum which would have permitted the regular export out of Maine of hydroelectric power. The Gannett press fought hard for the referendum, which would have wiped the Fernald law of 1909 preventing such export off the statute books, although it had previously taken the opposite position—the editor of the *Press Herald* had himself for years been an outspoken defender of this law. With Mr. Gannett stood Mr. Walter Wyman, Insull's right-hand man in Maine, president of the Cumberland County Light and Power Company and the Central Maine Power Company. The Gannett press received a lion's share of the power companies' advertising in connection with the campaign and the job-printing office of Mr. Gannett's *Kennebec Journal* printed hundreds of thousands of pamphlets and posters which were sent all over the State; indeed, in the last days of the campaign thousands of free copies of the Gannett papers were distributed by the companies. It seemed utterly ridiculous for a new daily in Portland to attempt to combat the solid industrial and financial alignment in the State which favored the referendum. Alone among the newspapers of the State the *Evening News* fought the export proposal, and for two and one-half years has carried on its campaign of education as to the power issue in State and nation. It was David and Goliath over again, and David won to the astonishment of all who followed the fight.

This was the more remarkable because many of the forces of big business have been arrayed against the *News* since its appearance. It has been boycotted by most of the department stores and by the largest banking interests in Maine—those dominated, by the way, by the all-powerful Messrs. Wyman and Gannett. It has faced opposition enough to daunt most men and to discourage the backers who have given a free hand to its courageous editor. But the *News* goes steadily on. It intrenches itself upon principles rather than advocacy of men. It has fought a glorious fight against the dreadful intolerance, bigotry, and standpattism which have made Maine politics a mess of all but hopeless stupidity and gravely checked the social and moral development of the State. It has sounded a new note in Maine on questions involving international relations and civil liberties.

What has been done in Maine in this thrilling fight can be done elsewhere; what Dr. Gruening by his ability and courage has achieved in stirring the whole political life of Maine should and can be done in many another State. Here lies, I repeat, the great opportunity in the immediate future for men who yearn to strike hard blows at the domination of our national life by those big-business interests whose servants most of the politicians are. As our economic system weakens more and more under the unnatural burdens placed upon it, the opportunities for this kind of journalism will in my judgment rapidly increase. And not only in the cities. As I write there comes to me the following note:

> You wouldn't have any use for an exchange for a country weekly, the *C*———, would you? I can say that if I manage to survive—I am just beginning—the *C*——— will have an interesting tale to relate of the transformation of this community into one whose banking and business in general will be done cooperatively. That is why I bought the paper—namely, to use it in effecting such a transformation. I'll either win or go under.

It is another sign of the times. There are plenty of others. Let those who need take notice.

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Papa Droissart

By A. G. BARNETT

FOR two years I superintended mining works in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, with headquarters at Moengo Hill on the Cottica River. This is a region always infested with escaped convicts from the adjoining French penal colony. My friend Droissart was one of these. The gaunt refugees would float to Moengo camp on makeshift rafts or come staggering over trails cut through the jungle by our geologists. From this constant flow of human refuse we salvaged the strongest, prodding the unfit away—to die elsewhere. All were in the same boat. World-outlaws, they could never return to France or legally enter any other country. Those who found precarious respite at the mine might endure hard labor and the malignant climate for five or six years; those who gallantly set out for distant goals must always move on and on toward nowhere.

Edmond Droissart was one of a philosophic few who elected to remain permanently at Moengo and make the best of it. There was something uncannily compelling in the man, which I hope to be able to bring out in relating what I know about him. He was a little, almost burnt-out cinder of humanity. Seventy-five years of buffetings had reduced him to a rickety skeleton, with a parched and wrinkled hide, a few gray hairs, and two sparkling eyes. His mind was clear and quick as summer lightning.

The morning of his arrival he lay wide awake on the verandah of the superintendent's house. He was worn out, sopping wet, and shivering with fever. Four similar derelicts slept noisily beside him. Rain, roaring like a cataract, flailed the surrounding jungle. The five newcomers had reached Moengo during the night.

Henry, the nervous cook-boy, was the first to see them.

"Eh-ek! eh-ek! eh-ek!" he screamed; "Who you? Who you?"

"Fear not, lil black jumping-jack," soothed the old man. "W'en your master 'as 'ad breakfas' per'aps 'e will speak wit' us."

Strong backs were needed just then to throw up a dyke, and when the doctor had pronounced the four younger Frenchmen physically fit to push spades, they were signed on as workmen. But Droissart proved to be full of undesirable germs and was too weak for the regular labor gangs.

"No, old man, nothing doing," the superintendent told him. "I reckon you gotta push on down-river."

"I spik English pretty goot," the Frenchman countered; "an' I mek all kin' of t'ings you want. You want chair, I mek it; you want sofa, I mek you goot one; you want picture of dis camp, I paint him; you want sculpture of yourself, dat too I mek. Ev-re-t'ing I mek. I surprise you. *Mais oui, mes camarades* will gif me food."

The very next morning Droissart hobbled over to see the superintendent with a bundle wrapped in old newspapers.

"For you," he announced. "One lil gif'."

The superintendent shook out two hunting horns beautifully decorated with carved wild beasts, huntsmen, and dogs. The old rip had chipped away all night long.

"Well I'll be doggoned!" exclaimed the superintendent. "You make these? Honest? Now whadda you know about that?" He blew a long blast.

"Great day! That sure would bring all the coon dogs in four counties a-running, if we were up in ol' No'th Ca'lina. B'lieve I need a sofy, come to think about it. Sit down; I'll show you how I want it fixed. Oh, Henre-e-e-e! Go fetch a week's rations for Papa Droissart."

The old eyes snapped as Droissart took up his basket of rations and turned to go.

"I surprise all right, eh?" he exulted.

In a short time the sofa was produced. The full length of it was caned with strips of finely split "bush rope." The woodwork was painted pea green. There was a comfortable roll to the head part.

"How'd you get those legs curved like that?"

"Oh, I mek me one lil fine saw for do dat."

"What did you make it out of?"

"Oh, I fin' me one hoop from ol' barrel, an' cut out thin piece, an' file lil teeth in 'im. Not cut too good, dough. Mos' one night I work on jus' dem leg."

"Don't you ever sleep?"

"Sometime, yes, I sleep. Forty wink. Mos' time jus' smoke two, t'ree cigarette an' res' lil while. Dat jus' so goot like sleep w'en ol' brain go roun', roun', roun', t'ink, t'ink, t'ink, t'ink, all time, anyhow."

"Well, that's a nifty sofy, all right," said the superintendent. "And now I'm going to give you a steady job. You gotta keep the grounds cleaned up, see? Everything always neat. And keep that blue barrel up on those posts full of water. That's my shower bath, see?"

Immediately the landscape began to improve. Droissart carted away the loose stones and roots and laid out pathways and planted beds of roses. He constructed rustic seats around tree trunks, and built a thatched pergola where visitors could sit in the shade and watch the mining operations. Boulevard des Alliés, he named a trellised lane he laid out between the bachelors' bunkhouse and the office. And the shower reservoir was unfailingly filled to overflowing twice a day. He made a little tin windmill and painted it red. Barand helped him plant a sixty-foot pole with the windmill atop it.

"What's that for?" inquired the superintendent.

"Oh, jus' for fun," the old man replied. "Ah . . . dat lil play mash-ine will buz-z-z-z more longer dan dis ol' mash-ine you call Papa Droissart."

Often we would see him standing motionless, staring up at the little red buzzer as it spun and twisted. Simple-minded Henry reported that Papa lay in the pergola all one Sunday morning *praying* to the windmill.

The superintendent got into the habit of stopping to talk:

"They tell me you were a kid officer along with Joffre back in 1870; that so?"

"Dey talk too much, no? But yes, dat is true."

"Who's goin' to win this war?"

"France. The Allies."

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"Yeah? But say, who's goin' to keep the Kaiser from marching right on, now, to Paris?"

"Ha! Papa Joffre."

"How'd they come to send you to Cayenne?"

"Oh . . . wickedness."

"Eh? How's that?"

"Wickedness: wine, women, lying, cheating, always meking trouble. I t'ink I love wickedness.

"Ever read Hugo, Victor Hugo?"

"Mon Dieu, oui; I 'ave read ev-re-t'ing. Too many book 'ave I read."

"That sofa you made me is sure tiptop. Best I ever napped on. How'd you come to think of making a scroll saw out of a barrel hoop?"

"Oh, if I need somet'ing always I mek it. Ha! Firs' time I go to Senegal dose native dey will not trade me boat to go 'way. Dey no want blanket, shirt, boot. Dey say money—not'ing else. So I re-main two, t'ree day in dat nigger town; pick up all de ol' tin can; melt out de solder; an' mek me plenty nice money for buy one fine boat. Oh, I am one ver' bad ol' man. *Là, là, là, là!"*

When word came that the United States had got into the World War the *déportés* at Moengo took the day off. There were sixty of them; and they drank wine and sang songs and paraded, and ultimately took to chasing the black Dutchmen from end to end of the camp clearing because these unenlightened fellows persisted in remaining neutral. At this celebration Droissart became appropriately intoxicated. He leaned against his windmill pole and saluted.

"France 'ave cas' me out," he declaimed. "Today I cas' out France. Today I tek my stan' un'er de Stars an' Stripe. *Vive l'Amérique! Vive le Président Weelson! Vive Tetty Rose-felt! . . . Voilà.* I am one American!"

Soon after this demonstration the old man began to slip. For longer and more frequent periods he would sit idle in the shade of the pergola, resting. And one morning, after rising early and preparing coffee for his mates, he flopped back into his hammock; and there he stayed. We packed him off to our infirmary, but he sneaked out and returned to his corner of the loggia.

"Dat 'ospital is like prison. Too many year 'ave I spen' in prison. I stay 'ere, eh? My fr'en will 'elp me."

But finally we carried him out and shipped him off to the Catholic hospital in Paramaribo. There the sisters worked over him for a month or so. The whole camp was anxious about his condition.

"Miste' Sup'tendent Ah only inte'cede to make inquiry how is po' Papa Drawsa't?" inquired a corpulent black washerwoman.

"Oh, he's comin' along fine, I hear."

"That is good news, sir. Papa is a noble ol' gentleman. Three nights togethe', sir, he set up with my younges' whilst she was drawin' her firs' teeth; an' not a drop o' sleep he took, sir. Ah thank the Heavenly Fathe', sir."

"Ach yess, how goes it yet wit' Boppa?" inquired Nelius, the Dutch timber clerk.

Even the naked bush Negroes dropped in to talk about the gentle old man.

About the end of June he came back to Moengo, looking fine—for him. He had taken thymol for his hookworms and quinine prophylactic treatment for his fever bugs. He was in fettle all that day, greeting his friends and joking and visiting. "Tomorrow I go to work!"

"Looky here, Papa; see what's goin' to be your next job?" called the superintendent. "See that new shack yonder alongside the dynamite house? Well, that's your private office. You're powder boss, see? You gotta keep track of the amount of powder in stock, and 'tend to issuing it to the foremen. That bench there is where you can work at your other trades when you're not dishin' out dynamite. You got a tight roof there, le' me tell you, and a plank floor. And, looky here: I want about twenty pairs of those little dice, and a set of snippy French shoes carved out of pink bauxite, and a lot of those fancy round dinguses, souvenirs, y'know. Governor of the colony says he's comin' to visit us before long. Ought to have a paintin' of the camp made for him. You got paints? No more workin' in the hot sun for you, eh?"

But Papa did not show up at the new shack the next day. He was sick, in his hammock. The second morning the superintendent came to see about him; he was sicker.

"Hey, powder boss, what's eatin' you today?"

The Frenchman slowly raised up on his elbow. All his newly acquired energy had melted away. He was only an old, old man, facing in a foreign land the bitter last hours of a life that had somehow gone awry.

"Ah, my fr'en', I t'ink it is too late for powder boss. I t'ink it is too late for—ev-re-t'ing—you sen' me to Paramaribo, like gentleman—in bes' 'ospital—you gif me dat—office—w'ere I can mek my lil t'ings—powder boss—too—!"

Slowly the tousled head sank down into the blue French army blankets. A bony knee pushed out through grimy hammock mesh. Stifled sobs came.

"God—has punish me—too—much—!"

And then, surprisingly, he raised up again, voice steady. "W'at-I-tell-you-'bout-dat-lil-win'mill, eh?"

He was dying on the night before *le quatorze Juillet.* He sent Mila to bring the superintendent.

"One time I tell you one damn big lie—I say I cas' out France—Dat is not—true—Foreffer—I am Fr-r-rench!"

Then, after a longer pause, he raised up a gray finger and began: *"Allons, enfants de la—"*

His comrades took up the song. Forty outcast Frenchmen thundered the words of the Marseillaise.

And while they were singing, Papa Droissart died.

The men dressed him in his white town clothes. Among his things they found, wrapped in tissue and silk, a signed photograph of a great Frenchman: "To my dear friend Droissart—Zola." Someone slipped it into the breast pocket of his jacket.

The Chinese carpenter knocked together a little coffin of cedar boards. Valette, a cabinet-maker, provided a tall mahogany cross. The German tinsmith cut out a wreath of zinc immortelles and painted the metal leaves green, with a red zinc rose at the top. The burial took place at noon. A man with the face of a devil, who nevertheless had once been a priest, led the funeral procession. At the grave a yellow woman who was reputed to be not better than she should be sang two hymns in Dutch, weeping as she sang. The outcast priest recited a service for the dead and pitched the first shovelful of jungle mold down on the coffin. The superintendent next threw on a few clods and passed the shovel to a geologist. But the fat washerwoman came elbow-

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ing her way to the edge of the grave, her eyes streaming:

"Stan' one side, please, sir, stan' one side. Le' me take nex' turn. Too long ma wash been waitin' already."

On our way back, just as we were nearing the main office building, the little red windmill leaped from its pole and fell crumpled at our feet. Nothing about it had worn out; nothing had broken. It had just quit.

A Negro foreman trembled and went ashy black. Barand crossed himself and picked up the windmill. He took it reverently to the graveyard corral.

And there rests Papa Droissart, an unlettered cross at his head with a rusting zinc wreath encircling it; and at the foot of the cross is the little tin windmill, still red in spots.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has just put through a trying half-hour composing a bread-and-butter letter, or, as he prefers to call it, a "Collins" (in honor of that worthy gentleman whose letters so delighted the immortal Mr. Bennet). The Drifter deplores the custom of sitting down, immediately one has left a friendly roof, and committing to paper a series of polite nothings.

* * * * *

LET no one accuse the Drifter of ingratitude in these remarks. It is not that he never wishes to thank his host or hostess for kindness done and pleasure given. It is simply that he sometimes feels a longing to do just that very thing, but he knows that whatever he can say will sound like no more than what each and every child is taught to write after the dullest of visits. The Drifter knows whereof he speaks, for he has spent rather more time on visits already, he thinks, than most people spend in a lifetime. Somehow, with the best will in the world, he has never qualified as a host. His hearth is too evanescent. The visits, of course, have varied enormously in kind and quality. The letters have been almost exactly alike, save for an occasional desperate cadenza. And now he has just been faced with the problem of a particularly happy visit, for which he really is grateful. He has done his best, but the host in question, on receiving his sincere letter, will never dream but that his guest has simply "done his duty."

* * * * *

ONE possibility encourages the Drifter. Might not the telegraph companies be induced to take on the business of bread-and-butter letters? The letters could be listed by number, and could be carefully drawn up in advance to suit the circumstances: urban or rural; sea or mountains; large house-party or small, intimate week-end. Then, when some special occasion gladdens the Drifter's days, he could sit down and write, from his heart, to a host who would receive his letter as such. It was only the other day that the Drifter heard of a small friend of his who went to visit a cousin. "Did you have a good time?" his mother asked him when he came home. "Well, I would have had except that I kept wondering what I'd say afterwards when I wrote." "That's easy, then. Just say you enjoyed yourself." "But I didn't."

THE DRIFTER

NO ONE MUST KNOW

A single phrase found in a year-old love letter to her son told her the truth. Now she must hide her secret deep within herself, suffer . . . and tell no one . . . that the letter was from a man. Rupert Hughes calls this strangely beautiful study of a mother's mind "a masterpiece of art and a work of profound and noble mercy toward all people, the peculiar as well as the normal." $2.50

REVELATION

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What's Wrong with the *World?*

Letters from Nation Readers

A Few Exceptions

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Few, I think, could have read with more interest than I Mr. Villard's What's Wrong with the *World*? For twenty years I was a member of the *World's* editorial organization, and its day managing editor for six and one-half years of the period Mr. Villard had particularly under examination. With less hesitancy, then, than I might feel in discussing a situation with which I was not so intimately acquainted I make the following suggestions:

Mr. Villard, in saying that "the loss of prestige and of news value [by the *World*] came largely after the death of Frank I. Cobb in 1923 and during the managing editorship of Herbert Bayard Swope," attributes to Mr. Cobb a part in the news organization of the *World* that he never had and an interest in news, as such, that he never felt. His great gifts and his great services in his profession had to do with the discussion and not at all with the gathering or presentation of news. He just wasn't interested subjectively in news, as we had repeated, despairing reason to know.

Mr. Villard has quite as faulty a conception of Mr. Swope's services as of Mr. Cobb's. It is perfectly true that Mr. Swope did not do all his work in the office, but no one can know better than I how constantly he did work. As for "entangling alliances," three instances come back to me of intimate friendships that ended, and were never renewed, because his professional obligation transcended the personal. As for "hostile cliques within the office," it must be that I am a poorer reporter than I rate myself, for in thirty years of newspaper work I never knew an office where politics played so insignificant a part.

But there is really no reason why I should submit my own opinion. During the Swope regime, and more than a year after Mr. Cobb died, the *World* reached the peak of its circulation, with a daily average of more than 400,000, greater by 100,000 than that of its nearest standard-size competitor. Twice during the Swope regime the Columbia University Gold Medal for Public Service in Journalism was awarded the *World*. Twice during the Swope regime the *World* was cited formally by Mr. Villard and *The Nation*.

On December 15, 1924, a year after Mr. Cobb died, Mr. Villard called the *World* "the bravest, most outspoken, most liberal New York daily, and the most thoroughly devoted to democratic and American ideals."

On January 3, 1927, three years after Mr. Cobb died, *The Nation's* Honor Roll listed "the editors of the New York *World* for the crusading devotion to liberal ideals which makes of their daily the finest public servant in the urban press of the North."

Which is the balanced judgment?

New York, July 2 William Preston Beazell

[Mr. Villard did not forget the *World's* excellent record nor the number of times it has been cited for its admirable service. It was because of that record that he wrote as he did in alarm lest the *World* be lost to liberalism.—Editor The Nation.]

An Ex-Employee Agrees

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read Mr. Villard's article on the *World*, and as an ex-employee I want to express agreement with his analysis. I admire very much Walter Lippmann's great abilities, but it seems to me that Lippmann should never have succeeded Cobb. The change was too utterly abrupt, not so much in policy, perhaps, as in tone and in style. It seems to me that in recent years I frequently detect touches of "writing down" to the reader, a fatal fault in editorial matter; at the same time the *World* indulges too much in irony which appeals primarily to the limited "F. P. A." audience.

There have been grave faults in the news policy. I think the old "before-the-war" *World* policy of always having a few striking handmade stories in the ice-box for release when other news grew slack was the ideal policy for the *World*.

I am glad that in your article you evidently wrote more in sorrow than in anger. I can say truthfully that in all my years in the dome I never encountered the slightest suggestion of anything approaching "influence" as applied to the staff. I have nothing but the highest respect for the *World* tradition.

It reassures me to find that a student of the press should arrive at conclusions so nearly identical with mine, which I feared might have been influenced by prejudice or preconception.

New York, July 9 Ex-Employee

Still the Brightest in New York

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: This from a former *World* man, in appreciation of your analysis of the present state of that newspaper and, in fact, of all your recent articles on the press. I thought your diagnosis of the languishing of the *World* and the causes of it quite fair and accurate.

It has seemed to me that for obvious causes, some of which you mentioned, the *World* no longer fits into the journalistic scheme of things, either metropolitan or national. It is neither liberal fowl, conservative, stand-pat fish, nor good, popular red herring. It lacks orientation and direction. It hasn't marched with the times while retaining its traditional independence and authority of touch, as it most likely would have done had Joseph Pulitzer lived and retained his vigor, or had he left a successor of his caliber.

Then, too, coupled with its pristine sensationalism—later considerably modified—the popularity of the *World* lay largely among the discontented and the under-dogs, folks who earned their bread by the sweat of their brow. This appeal has lost force in the past decade, owing to prosperity and consequent indifference to the political and social ills against which the old *World* thundered and crusaded.

Weak or misfit executives also have contributed to the degenerative process. It doesn't follow through any more. It starts something with a hurrah and then loses interest. Growing deficits and loss of circulation, with no adequate remedies forthcoming or being applied, have also bred a spirit of timidity

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and irresolution in the organization. I was amused—and measurably saddened—not long ago while talking with one of the editorial executives. I congratulated him upon the paper's attitude on Mexican affairs. With a pained expression he dug into his desk and produced a sheaf of not more than ten or a dozen complaints from American Catholics, protesting against the *World's* friendly editorial policy toward the Mexican government. "It's costing us circulation," he groaned.

But aside from all this, one would say that probably the root of the cancer lies in the fact that, setting aside a few non-news special features, it really isn't much of a *news*paper any more. Clients get more for their money in the other papers, or they think they do. If Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., could remake it, with the assistance of a competent news and editorial staff, he probably in time could put it back where it belongs, unless the patient is too far gone. I'm afraid, though, that the *World* has had its day, and that it is now too late to do much with it.

In their woodenness, conservatism, and lack of soul, the bulk of all our newspapers today are, I suppose, merely a natural consequence of the highly mechanized and material age in which we are living. Most of them are box-office propositions, pure and simple; they have to be, production costs and overhead being what they are.

But with all of the palpable evidences of marasmus which the patient presents, I do think that, so far as its news columns go, the *World* is the best and most brightly written paper in New York.

Mexico City, July 1 ROBERT H. MURRAY

Correct Diagnosis

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with great interest the article on the *World* in *The Nation* of June 24, and believe you diagnosed the case correctly. The Pulitzer paper here, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, has lost its editorial initiative, and only holds up to its old standards in two particulars—the excellence of its Washington staff and in printing "all the news." It is under a terrific strain to contribute to the losses of the morning *World* and maintain itself here.

St. Louis, June 30 J. L. H.

Other Correspondence

Police Control in India

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Discussing the changes recommended by the Simon Commission, Mr. Richard B. Gregg in his very excellent article in your issue of July 9 states, as some others have done, that the police department would become a provincial function and might thus be placed in the hands of an Indian minister. If true, that change alone would grant half of the "substance of independence" Gandhi demands. But it is not so. The police will be, as is at present the case, an exclusively British function.

In Part IX, Article 329, the commissioners recommend that the "security services" (civil service and police) should

> *continue* to be recruited upon an All-India basis by the Secretary of State, *who should have power . . . to require provincial governments to employ these services in such numbers and in such appointments as he thinks necessary* (my italics).

New York, July 11 T. H. K. REZMIE

The Russian Bare

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 16 Heywood Broun, writing presumably to prove his frequently made point that the joke is on the Communists, says:

> At Russian bathing beaches wearers of suits are numbered among the bourgeoisie. No good Communist would dare exhibit such false modesty.

Unfortunately, I am not familiar with Russian bathing beaches under the Communist regime, but in the dear old Czarist days bathing suits were not used by anybody at either popular or smart resorts. When I frequented the gorgeous beach at Baku there were no Bolshevists there, but neither were there any bathing suits. Once they were all set for going in the water, it was impossible to distinguish between a Georgian princess and the cloakroom girl at the Mephisto. But maybe Mr. Broun has an easy way of telling a naked Communist from a naked bourgeois.

New York, July 11 SHEILA HIBBEN

Letters of D. H. Lawrence

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall be most grateful if you will give publicity to this request, addressed to all those who may have any letters from the late D. H. Lawrence in their possession. The administrators of Mr. Lawrence's estate have asked me to collect his letters, and arrangements have been made for having them copied and filed. May I therefore ask all those of Lawrence's correspondents to whom I have not already written personally to send their letters to Mrs. Hilton, 44 Mecklenburg Square, London, W.C. 1. The originals will be copied and returned as soon as possible. If it should be decided to publish any of the letters (the copyright in which vests exclusively in the estate), correspondents will be informed which of their letters or parts of letters have been selected.

London, July 1 ALDOUS HUXLEY

Contributors to This Issue

VICTOR S. YARROS is on the staff of the Chicago *Daily News*.

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WILLIAM MACDONALD is a regular contributor of political and historical reviews to *The Nation*.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER is the author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

ARTHUR WARNER, associate editor of *The Nation*, has for many years been a close observer of events in New Zealand.

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA, King Alfonso XIII Professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford University, was for five years director of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations.

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Books

Spring Plowing

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

With the bent iron for plow we have reborrowed time,
Unshrouded virgins and retaken God.
Slowly the rain that filtered the torn hair
And bore her body's whiteness under
Gives up from odorous chambers her sweet breath,
And the mild east has bloomed in infant thunder:
There is no death.
Body of God lies sunning by the river.
Waken to light, O stone and tree and weed!
Hand of the plowman feels the furrows quiver;
Time's breached—the dead arise to sow the seed.

A Brutalized India

Must England Lose India? The Nemesis of Empire. By Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Osburn, D.S.O. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

THIS is a terrible book—terrible in its description of conditions in India, more terrible still in its indictment of England. Writing, it would seem, in hot haste under the urge of righteous wrath, with little attention to style, not much to order, and with a good deal of repetition, Colonel Osburn literally flays alive the typical Englishman who represents British rule in India, and tears in shreds most of the alleged benefits which that rule has conferred. The onslaught is the more effective because Colonel Osburn, who has himself served in India as a medical officer, does not wish to see India independent; on the contrary, his one purpose, he assures us, is "to delay or prevent the demand in India for independence or home rule from becoming irresistible" by exposing the causes of the present discontent and suggesting remedies for existing evils. How, after the merciless and damning evisceration which he has made, he can look forward "to a time when the United States of India will dwell contented within the orbit of the British Commonwealth" is difficult to explain save on the assumption that the author has a faith in the ability of the English to change and the willingness of the Indians to forget that may fairly be regarded as sublime.

The English civil or military official in India, as Colonel Osburn pictures him, is a brute. He is a pronounced Negrophobe, despises all classes of Indians as inferiors, and treats them indiscriminately worse than he would a cur. He bullies, beats, flogs, and mutilates them, curses them on the roads, berates them obscenely in shops or public places, flouts their customs, outrages their religious feelings and observances, and makes India, for the Indians, a hell on earth. At the garrison club he drinks heavily, gambles, dances, makes love to officers' wives, and boasts of the outrageous abuses which he has visited upon merchants, farmers, workers, or priests. For any Englishman to take an Indian's part or even extend to him ordinary courtesy is to risk suspicion, social ostracism, or official rebuke.

The terrorism of officialdom is supplemented by the terrorism of the native police. Colonel Osburn, who fills his pages with specific incidents, is scathing in his denunciation of a system which places natives of one province in police control of another. The police beat, torture, steal, and rape, all with the knowledge and tacit consent of their English masters. To get on the books of the police is to incur the presumption of guilt on all future occasions, and in addition to be persecuted, hounded, abused, and robbed.

The explanation of this extraordinary attitude of the English in India is found by Colonel Osburn in the "colossal conceit" of the upper-middle-class Englishman "that he is a divinely appointed governor in perpetuity of about half the earth—if not the remainder—when he has had time to take it," and in the fact that most of the Englishmen who go to India are products of Eton, Harrow, or other so-called public schools. The arraignment of life at these schools which Colonel Osburn offers exceeds in terribleness anything of the kind that I know of in English literature. Nurseries of snobbery, brutality, viciousness, and laziness, the merest mockery of education as a veneer for their rottenness, teachers steeped in violence toward their pupils, and "authority" magnified at the expense of reason and social decency—such is the picture. No greater service could be done to the English upper middle class, Colonel Osburn declares, "and indirectly to the Empire and the world at large, than to close down these tradition-ridden haunts of corruption and to compel all England's children to attend England's national schools."

Colonel Osburn devotes a good deal of space to sexual matters, and passes severe strictures on Miss Mayo's "Mother India" as hopelessly one-sided and mischievous. His training and experience as a physician lead him to find in the climatic and social conditions of India an explanation of much that passes for immorality, and he rejects altogether the charge of degeneracy due to sexual excess. Indirectly, at least, he seems to defend regulated prostitution and child marriage as inescapable under the circumstances. For the English provincialism and snobbishness which judges all sex relations by its own prudish standards he has, naturally, only unrestrained scorn.

The remedies which the book suggests appear curiously inadequate to the situation which it describes. Colonel Osburn would like to have India and other dependent parts of the Empire governed only with the consent of the governed. To that end, he would require every Englishman who serves in India to know something about the country before he goes and learn more while he is there; he would forbid and punish offensive language and abusive conduct toward Indians, put a stop to missionary talk about the "depravity" of Hindus, extend habeas corpus to the country, prohibit the exportation of food until a falling price invited waste, reduce taxation, spend more of the revenue on health and education, and cut down the preposterous sums now paid for the army, the secret service, official salaries, and extravagant building schemes. The money lender should "have his wings severely clipped," the police force should be demilitarized, and the problem of a spawning population met by official recognition and encouragement of birth control.

Whether or not India should be independent is, of course, a matter of opinion. Not only does Colonel Osburn, as has been said, think that it should not if by any possibility it can be induced to remain in the Empire, but he goes so far as to deprecate attempts to establish social equality between Indians and English. The average Indian, he insists, is unclean, he has an offensive body odor, and his table manners are bad. It is quite obvious that at this point, as at a number of others, Colonel Osburn is still an Englishman, and even his rough handling of Kipling has not freed him wholly from the Kipling taint. His revolt against English rule in India, however, is so outstanding and his condemnation of the system and of those who administer it so severe as to make his book a challenge that will have to be met. If the British Labor Government can let this book go unanswered, then surely have the statesmen of Labor hardened their hearts, closed their eyes, and stopped their ears.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

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Tranquil Journeys

The Gentleman in the Parlour. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.
Hot Countries. By Alec Waugh. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.
The Last Paradise. By Hickman Powell. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $4.

IF one is to judge by the tone of at least the first two of these books, the great liners and railroads that make travel easy and the imperialism that secures the life and property of their passengers have also made a little too easy and too safe the writing of travel books. Mr. Maugham and Mr. Waugh traveled so comfortably that they had the leisure and the energy to compose their books during the few months of their journeys. And both have written with their minds on the comfort of their readers, who will ride smoothly, even luxuriously, through their pages. They do not intend to treat the reader strenuously like Doughty or Lawrence, Mungo Park or Cunninghame Graham.

Of the three books Mr. Waugh's manages, almost through sheer nonchalance, to be the most interesting. It is by no means as exciting as its title, but its author keeps up a flow of small talk of the sort that would single him out as an interesting companion in the salon of any ocean liner. It is not talk that remains for any length of time in the mind, but it does not irritate with any pretensions.

Mr. Maugham's book is depressing. It is languid and tepid. It attempts to entertain and employs in the effort the genial essay, the anecdote, and two fanciful fairy tales that serve no other purpose than to prove, to Mr. Maugham, how clever he is. The book is made up of digressions, but unfortunately the digressions suggest not an active and inquisitive mind adventuring outside the bounds it has set itself, but a tired mind unwilling to stick to its labors and allowing itself holidays of triviality. Mr. Maugham attempts some excuse for himself when he says: "I am writing it for my own diversion and I hope that it will divert also such as care to spend a few hours in reading it. I am a professional writer and hope to get from it a certain amount of money and perhaps a little praise." The praise, unless Mr. Maugham is undiscriminating about the applauders, is likely to be little indeed.

Mr. Powell's book displeases by its earnestness as much as Mr. Maugham's by its bored off-handedness. It defends an illusion with banalities. I have not been in Bali and consequently cannot say "no" when Mr. Powell says "yes." Nevertheless I find Mr. Powell's evidence unconvincing; and I am reminded of too many other "last paradises." Some years ago D. H. Lawrence discovered one in Sardinia. Others have been located in all the archipelagoes of the Pacific Ocean. One enthusiast recently reported the "last paradise" among the Dukhobors in Canada; only last season Mr. Larson established it on the cold steppes of Mongolia. And Mr. Waugh says that the Tahitians have some hope of finding it in Europe. Mr. Powell's process is the old one. There are only motes in the eye of Bali, but beams always in the eye of Western civilization. Everything in Bali is acceptable—at least what is objected to is not mentioned—including cockfighting and feudalism, for both of which Mr. Powell finds ingenious defenses. In contrast, nothing in the West is acceptable, though Mr. Powell inexplicably returns to it.

Now Mr. Powell may be right, but he does protest too much to persuade me. If he could only have forgotten his thesis and not confused each description and each incident with a comparison in disfavor of the West he might have had room to tell more. I found his few pages of matter-of-fact notes more interesting than the adjectival text. Mr. André Roosevelt, who contributes the supplement of photographs, tells us in a preface that Mr. Powell can write. One can only add an irreverent "and how!" The writing is an almost continuous purple patch. It is precisely the sort of writing that has produced the recent revolt against style and made a great deal of plain and dreary writing popular.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

This Side the Land of Promise

New Zealand in the Making. By J. B. Condliffe. University of Chicago Press. $5.

A GENERATION ago the eyes of liberals and radicals were fixed upon New Zealand, then regarded as the world front of progressive political and industrial democracy. Interest waned with the triumph of a conservative government in 1912, and since the birth of Soviet Russia has almost ceased. This is natural but unreasonable on the part of those liberals who still have a sneaking belief in democracy; for Russia is avowedly contemptuous of democracy, while New Zealand, in spite of conservative control for the last eighteen years, has not canceled much of the advanced program put into effect before then and is able to show democratic experiments of nearly two score years' standing.

Mr. Condliffe, formerly professor of economics in Canterbury College, New Zealand, and a resident of the Dominion for a quarter of a century, tells the country's story admirably from the viewpoint of an economist. He is perhaps a little niggardly in the credit or blame which he assigns to legislative experiments in the making of New Zealand. Agricultural efficiency rather than any ventures in state socialism has been the primary cause of New Zealand's prosperity, he thinks. "All of the essential features of mass production, usually credited only to the newer factories in America, are to be observed in a well-organized shearing shed, and most of them anticipated and owe little to Henry Ford or the Fordization of industry."

Whatever exaggeration there may be in this view, Mr. Condliffe is in accord with all students of New Zealand when he points out that neither socialist theory nor trade-union influence had any considerable part in the Dominion's political-industrial innovations of a generation ago. They were essentially opportunistic; and they bore no labels. The lack of political philosophy is not improbably the reason, although Mr. Condliffe does not suggest it, why the movement spent itself so soon. There was no continuing program, no ultimate goal. The movement began as a demand for land in a population shut off from the soil by the existence of great estates, closely held but poorly used. Yet when the gnawings of soil hunger had been somewhat appeased, land nationalization was forgotten in a gradual gravitation toward freehold ownership. Land reform ended in the ground instead of in the sky. So, too, with the wage worker. He sought only higher pay and better working conditions, not control of industry, and when he had become relatively well off he let it go at that, leaving New Zealand industry as completely capitalistic as that of the United States. Nor will our liberals who look forward to a union of the small farmers with the city workers find much comfort in New Zealand experience. The political-industrial program of a generation ago was made possible by small farmer–city worker cooperation, but since then class cleavages have appeared, so that today the small farmer believes he has "little to gain and much to lose from alliance with the Labor Party."

Mr. Condliffe's explanation of why New Zealand liberalism petered out into "satisfied mediocrity and provincialism" is the arid and bureaucratic educational system. In conse-

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quence of, or in connection with, the pallid intellectual life, "there are many evidences of failure to evince any very real trust in freedom of thought and expression," and imported books are subject to a censorship as ridiculous as that of Boston. Mr. Condliffe complains with justice that "in a world which is eagerly discussing disarmament New Zealand stands stoutly by its system of compulsory military training," and he finds it equally incongruous that the Dominion has neglected to send representatives to the conferences of the International Labor Organization or to ratify any of its conventions.

No, the New Zealanders of a generation ago never reached the Land of Promise. Without the excuse of a blow-out or a lack of filling stations en route, they failed from more ignoble reasons. They found pleasant picnic grounds along the road and dallied in them. Lacking maps and programs and dreams, they quit the trail to become realtors or butter-and-egg men. But they have left some institutions which are still unique and an experience which is priceless. New Zealand is still the only *democracy* which settles industrial disputes through compulsory arbitration; has done so for thirty-six years. The court has had three periods. First it was opposed by the employers and championed by the workers; then it was championed by the employers and opposed by the workers; today it again has the support of organized labor and some opposition from employers, though it is so generally accepted by the country as a whole that there is no serious thought of trying to abolish it.

Since New Zealand was the first country to introduce woman suffrage (in 1893), one notes Mr. Condliffe's appraisal of the movement with curiosity. He finds its influence conservative, especially in protecting the institution of the family. "The integrity of family life persists in New Zealand and is less shaken by new and disturbing ideas of sexual morality and human relationships than in most countries." It seems that "entry into clerical and professional occupations is free; but there is far less advantage taken of these opportunities than one might expect in a country of universal education and sex equality. Women lawyers, doctors, and dentists are rare; there is only one woman professor (of home science) in the whole university." No woman has ever been elected to New Zealand's Parliament.

ARTHUR WARNER

Beyond Death

After-Walker. By Leonard Cline. The Viking Press. $2.

LEONARD CLINE was skilful in the use of verse patterns as well as in the writing of prose (he published three novels), but the general subject matter of this book of verse is commonplace and the vision is not at all extraordinary save in one instance, After-Walker, a poem which may or may not have specific reference to the tragedy of the author's own days.

The After-Walker—the title is excellent—is a man looking upon himself hanged, the spirit gone out of the flesh and addressing the dead body. Once or twice, especially in the very closing portion addressed to love, the poem descends to the sentimental, but for the most part it is a stark picture of the body hanging and the day of that hanging passing into sunset.

> From the gibbous moon he hung,
> Through the stars his body swung
> All a long night, a night long:
> With the rhythm of tired song
> Between the clouds his body sweeps
> Hanged by the neck until he sleeps.

And as the day finally ends:

> But the gold waning with one knell
> Of throbbing saffron fades away.
> Brown is the ending of death's day.
> And reft of wings the haggard light
> Like dawn at cockcrow quivers white.
> This was the hour when Love thought best
> The babe should wail at Mary's breast:
> Himself, and on His brow her kiss.
> The dead know well the truth of this.

Now and then the emphasis on the universal significance of the poem is lost because lines are allowed to flow a little too easily, and sometimes too much mass for perfect structure is granted a single image.

Mr. Cline could write excellent ballads, as his Snake will testify, and he had always a command of rhythm. Intensity is sometimes lacking in his work, and his talent is not always directed in the best way, but that he had talent there can be no doubt.

EDA LOU WALTON

The Making of History

World Politics in Modern Civilization. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.50.

THE more that intelligent men look about them, the more they realize that inherent unity of the world which manifests itself in the minutest and seemingly most local facts of our social life. A perusal of post-war bibliography would, I feel sure, afford impressive proof of the rapid progress which the world view of things is making, at least in that minority of men who use their minds. Professor Barnes has just added an invaluable item to this bibliography in the shape of a substantial treatise on "World Politics in Modern Civilization."

The scale of the work is thus marked from the very outset in its title. It is world politics which Professor Barnes is going to discuss; not the politics of this or that state. And, as it should be, his book unfolds before our eyes vast perspectives of world import. In a first part entitled The Origins of Nationalism, Capitalism, and Imperialism the author discusses successively nationalism, its origins and significance; the origins of the old colonial movement and the expansion of Europe; and the commercial revolution with its outstanding economic, cultural, and institutional changes. Modern capitalism and national imperialism are then tackled in the second part in a series of scholarly chapters devoted to the capitalistic revolution; the social and political changes due to it; the rise and development of nationalistic patriotism—a chapter which Professor Barnes somewhat provincially designates The Emergence of the Hundred-Percenter—the repressed nations on the eve of the war; the activities of modern capitalism and national imperialism in Africa, Asia, and Oceania; the British Empire and Latin America; and finally the general results of contemporary national imperialism. With Part III of his work Professor Barnes enters frankly into the study of the World War, which he considers as the outcome of the forces described in the two previous parts. This part contains chapters on the war complex in contemporary culture, the World War in the making, the outbreak of the World War, and how the United States became involved in the international anarchy. Part IV describes what Professor Barnes calls the rise and fall of the legend of a Holy War in chapters devoted to the Wilson epoch, the genesis of the legend of a Holy War, the secret treaties and the just peace, the collapse of the fiction of a Holy War. Finally, in Part V, under the title Patriotic Mendacity Versus World Order: the Attempt to Salvage the Wreck of Europe, Professor Barnes invites us to discuss in succession the importance of the question of war responsibility in contemporary

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history, American historians and the war-guilt controversy, the end of the war myth, the League of Nations and world peace, the peace movement from Kant to Kellogg, war debts and reparations, war guilt, the post-war treaties and international politics in contemporary Europe, and a sensible foreign policy of the United States.

I have made a point of enumerating in all detail the subjects dealt with by the author, first, because I know by experience how unfair it is for the reviewer to fail to do so, since the chief purpose of a review ought to be to give as accurate a notion as possible of the scope of the work; and secondly, because the bare enumeration of the subjects discussed in Professor Barnes's work shows how vast his conception has been, so vast indeed as to do honor to his imagination no less than to the college which enabled him to gather together such immense masses of material in the midst of his other work. This mass of material is so impressive that it may well account at least in part for the feeling that the author has not allowed himself sufficient time for sifting, weighing, and above all organizing it.

The work deserves so much respect for its excellent historical understanding and so much admiration for the courage with which thorny issues are tackled that it calls forth a frank and open discussion of its shortcomings in the hope of future improvements. On the whole it would appear to suffer from a lack of distance from the facts. Facts are the enemies of the constructive historian, for if he has the stuff of the historian in him he falls in love with them and therefore cannot get away from them. Now just as poets when they sing must be at a certain distance from their emotions—for otherwise the matter of the poem will not cool down into form—so historians must write at a certain distance from their facts—for otherwise they will fail to see the fact of facts, which is their synthesis.

It is doubtful whether the reader of this otherwise excellent book will feel his mind any clearer for having read it, though he will feel it pretty well stocked for the next twenty years of international discussions in club and drawing-room. From this vast survey of events and tendencies few if any general ideas can be said to emerge. Nor am I to be lightly dismissed with an airy contempt for "abstractions" and "generalizations." But for abstractions and generalizations mankind would be still on the level of apes. When the illiterate peasant answering the inquiring motorist says "*straight* on," meaning by it "you keep on this hopelessly winding and meandering road," he is indulging in pure abstraction; when a baby just learning to speak calls a white cat "pussy" because he called a black cat "pussy" the day before, he is generalizing. Let us once and for all drive out of civilized society that contempt for abstractions and generalizations which if indulged in would destroy civilization altogether. The danger that may be found in them, that is, an insufficient basis of fact, is far from us as we sit in front of these 600 pages.* The danger of doing without them is apparent in several features of this remarkable work.

And to begin with—in its defective perspective as shown in a curious disproportion between the importance of the facts and the space granted them. Thus, for instance, out of the seven pages devoted to contemporary international migrations no less than four are given over to a detailed discussion of the Sacco and Vanzetti case. No comment is needed to show that there is here an example of lack of proportion. Now this is not an exceptional case. Several other examples might be quoted of vast international issues sidetracked into discussions of incidental subjects, important and interesting in themselves, excellently treated in themselves, yet wholly or partly irrelevant and always out of proportion in the general scheme.

This line of criticism applies also to the central theme itself. For here, in "World Politics in Modern Civilization," there was a general subject which, treated in a general way, with distance and elevation, might have yielded fruitful results. The author may forgive me for saying that in my opinion he sidetracks the issue into a discussion of the war-guilt question. Most of Part III, the whole of Part IV, and most of Part V are devoted to a scholarly, painstaking, and detailed discussion of this vexed and insoluble question. Professor Barnes attaches great importance to it. There is weight in his reasons but possibly a lesser weight than he imagines. For is it in the contemplation of past errors that progress lies or is it rather in the contemplation of future achievements? In answering our query we would willingly suggest as an argument in favor of the second alternative Mr. Barnes's own treatment of the war-guilt problem. Even if we took at his estimate the importance of the matter itself we do not gather that much utility could be obtained out of a discussion which even a mind of so pure an intention and so painstaking a historical sense as Professor Barnes's cannot undertake to our satisfaction. I venture to suggest that I am in mind and heart as neutral as any man—by nationality, by taste, and by training—yet I honestly declare that Professor Barnes's treatment of the war-guilt question seems to me lacking in judicial detachment, as a number of quotations from his book would, I think, establish beyond doubt—to the very few neutrals who remain on earth (most of them have fled to heaven or are making arrangements thereto).

Here again it is a matter of distance. Raw materials are everywhere in the form of statistics and long and frequent quotations. Raw materials are also everywhere in the form of strong adjectives pleading and in continuous judging of men and things. We may perhaps be forgiven for insisting on this last point, which seems to us important. There is an admirable ethical passion in this book, an earnest desire to better things and to make life nobler. But this very quality of the author's mind does disservice to the book by upsetting the fine balance of dialectical discussion to be expected in history and by setting the discussion in a mood which is altogether unfit for understanding. The whole discussion of war guilt, irrelevant as it seems to us in substance, is even more irrelevant in manner. Far from me the cynical indifference to moral issues in public life which for some reason or other is associated with the name of Machiavelli. But then I am not, thank heaven, the confessor or spiritual director of any of the protagonists of the great tragedy of 1914-1918. Let the Greys and Poincarés, the Izvolskis and Hohenzollerns settle the matter with their own consciences. Let the world, moreover, register as soon as possible the obvious conclusion that the singling out of Germany to bear the burden of war guilt is silly. But for heaven's sake let us grow up and cease talking of nations as if they were characters in a play.

Distance again would have enabled the author to delve deeper into his facts. Perhaps the weakest spot in his treatment is due to his handling of psychological factors. Such is the case in his discussion of nationalism, in which, in my opinion, the natural element is neglected, and also in his analysis of the causes of war. But the observation applies to all the book. Psychology is the core of politics, and, for instance, a sound psychological discussion of the world in 1912 would have been far more illuminating than the comparison of delicately shaded half-truths emitted by both sides of the World War before, during, and after it.

The pity of it all is that owing to this shortcoming there is no question that the constructive part of Mr. Barnes's work

*While on this point of facts, and to show that we can all play at this game, let me point out that Dreyfus is spelt Dréyfus on page 133 and that there is no excuse for describing an Argentine statesman as *Signor* Drago. I may add that the version of my name given in the footnote to page 533, though an improvement on it, is not an authorized version.

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does not correspond to the admirable industry with which the materials have been gathered for it. This is particularly striking with regard to the great economic forces of our contemporary world. Germany, France, Great Britain, Italy occupy the front of the stage. But those other great powers of our day—banking, coal, steel, shipping—are but shadowy figures in the background. For similar reasons the League of Nations is treated in a manner hardly above the journalistic level and such things as the Kellogg pact are discussed without sufficient penetration. I would go farther and say that despite a fine effort there are one or two cases, not unimportant ones, in which the author fails to reach an international point of view with regard to American foreign policy. The last chapter, A Sensible Foreign Policy for the United States, seems to us hastily put together, for otherwise the suggestions made would have been more in harmony with the courage and ability of this exceptionally gifted American intellectual.

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

Books in Brief

Wooden Swords. By Jacques Deval. The Viking Press. $2.50.

"Wooden Swords," which is the choice of the Literary Guild for July, is at once a leap in the dark and a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. M. Deval does not hold with those who took their war too seriously. Relegated by the examining physicians to the Service of Supplies, he was naturally in no position to do so. He may have observed that the gap between laughter and tears is often infinitesimal and that the postures of tragedy are often the instruments of comedy. It is not a new formula, even as applied to the war. Both E. E. Cummings and Jaroslav Hasek have applied it before, the one to his experiences in "The Enormous Room," and the other to the adventures of "The Good Soldier, Schweik." Simple justice might ask an explanation of why Mr. Cummings's eight-year-old book has been delicately accepted as caviar while M. Deval's pleasant but inferior offering becomes the meat loaf of the season's reading. But the answer need interfere with no one's enjoyment of a moderately entertaining book.

A Short History of British Expansion. By James A. Williamson. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company. $12.

This is a revised and greatly enlarged edition of a one-volume work first published in 1922 and reprinted with some corrections in 1927. The revision consists principally in the expansion from eight chapters to seventeen, naturally with a good deal of rewriting of the old material, of Part V, dealing with the development of the British Empire after 1783. In its present form the book offers a readable and on the whole impartial sketch of the history of the dominions and other possessions, the evolution of imperial policy in the nineteenth century, and the emergence of the idea of a British Commonwealth of Nations in place of the earlier idea of an Empire. The chapters on imperial aspects of the World War and modern India and the accounts of the various Imperial Conferences are specially to be commended as useful summaries.

People of the Small Arrow. By J. H. Driberg. Brewer and Warren. $3.

Intimate, vivid sketches like these of the life of a primitive tribe are rarer than they should be. These are written without condescension, with an obvious delight in the very charming native scene. They are equally free from the pedagogue's responsibility to inclose the greatest possible amount of information in the given sugar coating. The loves and wars, the personal successes and defeats, the herding and mourning, and the mud-cattle play of the children are pictured with restraint and verisimiltude. There are perhaps not many tribes in Africa that are as gracious, as unbranded by the terror of witchcraft or the custom of wholesale slaughter as this Nilotic tribe of Uganda, and there is double good fortune in the fact that Dr. Driberg has recorded their daily life in such gracious and unforced prose. The drawings by Pearl Binder are decorative and distinguished.

Rapallo to Dawes, 1922-1924. The Diary of an Ambassador. By Viscount d'Abernon. With Historical Notes by Maurice Alfred Gerothwohl. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

This second instalment of the d'Abernon diary, covering the year and a half from June, 1922, to the end of 1923, is prefaced by an introductory survey of the period, an essay containing some acute observations on the character of the French people, and a series of personal appreciations of Poincaré, Asquith, Winston Churchill, Wirth, Maltzan, von Seeckt, and Stinnes. As in the previous volume, the editor contributes a number of explanatory or connecting passages and some brief biographical notes. The interest of the period for Germany centered in the decline of the mark and the French invasion of the Ruhr, and the entries in the diary reflect the gloom and anxiety which those events occasioned and the grave political uncertainty of the immediate future. Beyond these matters, Viscount d'Abernon received a good deal of intimate and more or less confidential information about political conditions in Italy, Austria, France, and Russia and kept in pretty close touch with what was going on in England. His personal appraisals, especially of Poincaré, Tchitcherin (of whose abilities he appears to have formed no high opinion), Bonar Law, and the German leaders, are keen and illuminating, and he sets down a number of good stories about contemporaries and others. A third volume, carrying the record from the Dawes plan to Locarno, is promised.

Confucianism. By Frederick Starr. Covici-Friede. $3.

Confucianism began as a system of ethics some twenty-five hundred years ago; it developed into a philosophy, and later into a religion. Though it became a state religion adopted even by the alien Manchus it retained its ethical and philosophic aspects. It is this evolution, with its interrelations with Far Eastern social, cultural, and political developments, that Dr. Starr designs to give us. He is not successful. In a modest preface he disclaims any originality and declares that the book is, in the main, the opinions of other scholars pieced together and filled out with biographical and historical comment. It would have been well if Dr. Starr had been more ambitious. The book is too small in bulk and in essential insight to be useful. The quotations appear without sufficient supporting context; the biographical and historical comment is too sketchy to contribute the sense of contemporaneousness and personality which might have helped our understanding.

The Growth and Decadence of Constitutional Government. By J. Allen Smith. Introduction by the late Vernon Louis Parrington. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

The late professor of political science in the University of Washington offers in this book trenchant criticisms of a number of tendencies in American government, chiefly those which have magnified federal authority at the expense of the authority of the States, given to the Supreme Court a virtually uncontrollable veto on legislation, and fettered the expression of public opinion. In all these things he sees a lamentable departure from the original conception of the federal system which Calhoun, whom he particularly admires, expounded unsuccessfully in opposition to the centralizing doctrines of

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Marshall and Webster. Much of the responsibility for the untoward trend he finds in capitalism, the natural ally of governmental centralization, while at the door of Christianity, with its emphasis upon one true religion and a universal church, he lays the burden of aiding the imperialism which characterizes American foreign policy. Precisely what he would like to see done about it is not quite clear, but he evidently thinks that the future of the country would be safer, morally and intellectually as well as politically, if the constitutional independence of the States could be restored, if local communities could be emancipated from the control of ignorant and incompetent legislatures, and if individual liberty might go the length of admitting "the right to act as one's own judgment dictates where his opinion is opposed to that generally held." There is much excellent writing in the book, and its general contentions, if not always convincing, are thoughtfully and ably argued.

History and Monuments of Ur. By C. J. Gadd. E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.

A hundred years ago the whole of the pre-Persian history of Asia Minor was a blur. Today it is possible to set down in fair detail the record of a single city. Dr. Gadd adds to his scholarship so fine a writing gift that his book becomes at once one of the outstanding volumes on Mesopotamian history and civilization. A considerable portion of the book is a careful and comprehensive description of the numerous fine illustrations. This method, so ably used by the Russian historian Rostovtseff, may point to a valuable technical innovation in historical writing. By means of it the reader's share becomes, to a small extent, participatory.

Portrait of a Chinese Lady. By Lady Hosie. William Morrow and Company. $5.

The Chinese lady is said to be the wife of one of the Kuomintang leaders. She is a charming figure and through her story the author leads us upon her larger quest, an acquaintance with Chinese life. Lady Hosie introduces us not to monuments and Bibles, but to the living people of China. Her book is full of charming incidents, pleasant anecdotes, and delightful personalities, chatty and eminently companionable. It is occasionally gushing; and it is disposed to be rather too trusting of Westerners living in China. One seems to feel in her account an unconscious championship of the Western missionary and teacher caste to which she belongs. However, the sincerity of her love and understanding of the Chinese cannot be questioned. Her book illustrates once again the banality that humanity is the same everywhere, but this is a truth that seems to need perennial restatement.

A Short History of California. By Rockwell D. Hunt and Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $4.50.

This book will be hailed and approved by boards of education, colleges, and libraries of official California. Only one scanty and inexplicit chapter can be in the least displeasing to them—that dealing with the routing of the hundred and fifty thousand native peoples whom the settlers regarded and treated as just so much of the fauna of a new land. In two generations this original population has been "reduced" to twelve thousand, and driven into the desert to starve or to the short grass of the upper hills "to compete with the squirrels for acorns." After the early legislatures had accorded them legal status they were further despoiled and euchred of their holdings by the courts in the blithe and care-free California way. The modern student will seek elsewhere for a better accounting for the State as a social compound as it is found today with its Tom Mooney case and its score or more of political prisoners confined in the prisons of that fair land.

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Women Mill Slaves in Japan

THE following article on the conditions under which women labor in the Japanese cotton industry is taken from the *New Statesman,* English liberal weekly. According to the editor of the *New Statesman,* it was written by a correspondent who has lately returned from Japan.

Something is known of the way in which girls in Japan are contracted to the factories for a term of years. What is less familiar is the reason why farmers in Japan send their daughters to the mills, where their health is often ruined at the end of the three years' contract. The reason is poverty. The same grinding poverty which makes the Japanese peasant sell his daughter to the brothels of the Yoshiwara forces him to contract his daughter to the factory in order to eke out his subsistence from her earnings. . . .

It is quite true that labor conditions in Japan have greatly improved during the past few years, or at least that they have done so in the bigger factories in large towns. . . . Girls in the big factories are no longer held to their work by the large sums borrowed by their parents through the recruiting agents and put down in their contract with the company which employs them as a debt that must be worked off by their labor. Conditions have been made tolerable enough for them to work out their two or three years' contract without the security of a large debt, and without running away to become inmates of unlicensed houses or waitresses—a profession which in Japan is in the same category as geishas and prostitutes. Nevertheless, even in the model factories conditions are far from ideal. The girls sleep ten or twelve to a room, occupying usually one and a half mats each—a mat is six feet by three. They used to work ten hours and have four or five rest days a month. Since the curtailment of night work by the law which came into force in July, 1929, they have worked eight and one-half hours and had two rest days only. And the latest reports from Japan show that labor has been made so much more intense to compensate for the shorter working hours that tuberculosis is now becoming even more prevalent than before. Their food consists of rice and a little vegetables and pickles, with a piece of fish three times a week and meat very occasionally. In one factory, after a strike, curry rice was given once a month. This diet, though probably more abundant than what the girl has received in her poverty-stricken peasant home, is clearly not adequate for the strain of work in a modern factory . . . which probably accounts for the fact that most girls cannot stand the strain of factory life for more than two or three years.

But apart from the physical conditions of work, there is an extraordinary lack of freedom. Here are girls spending two or three years away from home, without friends, without anything to look forward to beyond their day's work, and without being allowed to leave the factory freely or to spend their earnings as they please. Even a girl earning 30 yen a month*—the average wage after six months' training—only receives about 5 yen as pocket money. Of the rest, 4.50 yen is taken for her board, 2 yen to pay her debt to the company for the 20 or 30 yen paid to her or her parents in advance for railway fare and equipment, 60 sen for health insurance, and about 12 yen is usually sent home to her parents. Whatever is left over is "saved" for her by the company, whether she wishes it or not. She spends her 5 yen on sweets and cakes to supplement her dull and inadequate diet. If she wants extra money for a kimono or other purchase she has to get permission from the matron to draw it. On the other hand, she can buy "on tick" from the factory shop. . . .

Nor are the girl workers able to better their condition by organized or cooperative action. Trade unions are not allowed, and although in a few factories the workers are members they have to keep it secret. When a strike occurs among the men and the girls join in, it is usual for the management to lock up the girls in their dormitories and prevent their communicating with the men outside. Anyhow, if the girls could get out they would be helpless, as they cannot touch their savings held by the management and their homes are too far away for them to get to. Further, the police usually assist the employers by arresting the men's leaders. In the big towns like Osaka and Tokio it is not always possible to prevent the girls being drawn into trade unions in spite of their very short hours of contact with the outside world. They are sometimes drawn in by the men workers. When this is the case the manager of the factory writes to the girl's parents or even brings them up to the factory if necessary, threatens them that their daughter will have to leave and that they will no longer get their twelve yen a month from her wages, tells them that she has come under the influence of dangerous radicals, and so on. The parents, often not yet freed from feudal sentiments, terrified and frightened, then bring pressure to bear upon their daughter and she has to abandon the union. . . .

In Japan there is no unemployment insurance and no poor relief, in spite of the increasing amount of unemployment in the towns, nor are any sanitary services provided. The total expenses incurred per head for the women operatives under the heading of "welfare" are from 20 to 25 sen a day, or 7.50 yen a month, inclusive of loss on food, for which the girl pays 4.50 yen a month, but which costs about 9 yen. The 4 yen a month which goes toward her food may legitimately be added to the wages cost to raise the average wage from 30 to 34 yen a month. The remaining 3.50 (taking the higher figure of 25 yen) is equivalent to about 6s. 4d. [$1.50] a month. Set against this the English employer's expenses for health and unemployment insurance and rates and the balance is pretty plainly in favor of the Japanese employer, even if £2 or £3 a head, spread over two or three years, is allowed him for recruiting expenses. . . .

As regards the actual amenities provided for the Japanese workers in the big factories, there is some instruction in sewing and "flower arrangement," and in some factories by paying a small fee the girls can attend classes to continue their education. A cinema show is occasionally given. There are also lectures on "ethics," which means the inculcation of filial piety, and of loyalty to emperor and to employer, with a view to keeping the girls obedient and amenable to strict discipline and to prevent them from joining trade unions. Then there is the provision of baths and the hospital, which is kept up partly by the management and partly by the workers' health-insurance contributions. This is about all that comes under "welfare." The girls, of course, clean their own rooms and do their own washing, and they also clean the halls and passages.

Outside the big combined spinning and weaving concerns which belong to the Japan Master Cotton Spinners' Association are many small weaving mills where conditions have changed little in recent years, where hours are longer and working conditions worse, but where labor is not usually so

* These figures relate to average earnings for ten working hours daily. When hours were curtailed by forbidding work to go on between 11 p. m. and 5 a. m., piece rates were left as before and the girls told to make up the loss by working harder.
The yen is now at par [about 48 cents], but was then and had for long been less [about 44 cents].

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intense. Here girls are still kept locked up till they have worked off the debt set down in their contracts; and one reads in the Japanese press of girls caught trying to escape over the high walls and injuring themselves, and of girls burned to death when a fire occurs because their windows were barred and the door locked. There are only a few dozen factory inspectors for the whole of Japan, and, moreover, fines, when imposed for working more than the eleven hours allowed by the law or for other offenses, are exceedingly low. More than half of Japan's 145,000 wide power looms, as well as all her narrow power looms and hand looms for manufacturing cloth for the home market, belong to small concerns outside the association, and of those concerns within the association only the model factories are shown to the foreign visitor.

But in these small weaving sheds, and to a lesser extent in the big mills, there is a growing number of women operatives who remain at work after marriage and come to the factory daily from their homes. As yet they are unorganized and in many places still belong to the rural population. But it seems inevitable that, with the growing unemployment in the towns, a permanent factory population must soon grow up around the cotton factories, large or small. In that event the trade unions will develop and the cotton workers will be able to force the employers to pay higher wages. This is the hope for the future from the point of view of the workers of both Japan and Lancashire. The Japanese employers, on the other hand, will endeavor to continue the present living-in system, since they are well aware that ignorant and helpless peasant girls can be paid lower wages and forced to harder toil than workers living outside the factory.

WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT

Plays to See

‡Flying High—Apollo—W. 42 St.
†Lost Sheep—Selwyn—42 St., W. of B'way.
†Lysistrata—44 St.—44 St., W. of B'way.
†Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45 St.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
*The Last Mile—Sam H. Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
‡The New Garriick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.

Films

All Quiet on the Western Front—Central—47 St. and B'way.

Born Reckless, Saturday, July 26 to Tuesday, July 29; Safety in Numbers, Wednesday, July 30 to Friday, August 1—Little Carnegie Playhouse—57 St., E. of Seventh Avenue.

In Gay Madrid, Saturday, July 26 to Tuesday, July 29; Big Pond and With Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot in the South Seas, Wednesday, July 30 to Friday, August 1—The Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Avenue.

Miracle of the Wolves, week beginning Sunday, July 27—Fifth Avenue Playhouse—66 Fifth Avenue.

News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.

Social Lion, Friday, July 25 to Sunday, July 27; Born Reckless, Monday, July 28 to Thursday, July 31—Eighth St. Playhouse—52 West 8 St.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

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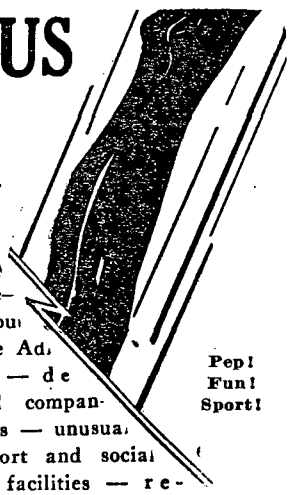

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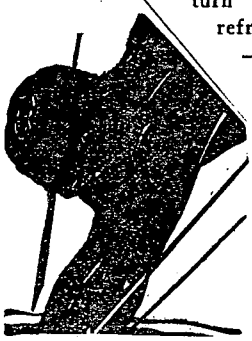

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